THE ENGLISH REVIEW

VOLUME XLI

JULY TO DECEMBER, 1925

LONDON

EDITORIAL OFFICES: 4 DEAN'S YARD, WESTMINSTER, S.W.1

PUBLISHED BY EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE (Publications), LTD.
9 EAST HARDING STREET, E.C.4

Current Comments

National Extravagance

WHILE much of the criticism which has been directed against the Budget is factious and insincere, there is genuine cause for disappointment on the ground that no cut has been made in national expenditure. After encouraging injunctions to the Departments to curtail their estimates we find, in fact, that the total is actually increased. Mr. Churchill's superlative dialectical skill, coupled with a solid majority, will doubtless enable him to make safe passage of the shallows and rapids of the debates on his first Budget; but the Party majority will be smashed in the Niagara of a general election unless he substantially and effectively reduces taxation. No legerdemain of taking off in one direction and putting on in another will serve. The only method which will restore prosperity to industry, and tolerable conditions of living to all classes, is a drastic, even heroic, reduction of public expenditure under all heads, including local expenditure not now immediately under Parliamentary control. Another Geddes-Inchcape committee will be demanded, and its recommendations will have to be substantially adopted. The spending Departments must be rigorously rationed, and the taxpayer rescued from the official and Parliamentary mind which seems entirely to have lost touch with realities. Mr. Churchill has not yet perhaps had a fair chance of mastering the most difficult of all the problems that urgently call for solution, and of which he has had no previous experience. He has doubtless been compelled to rely mainly upon his official advisers. A patient Party will, therefore, give him another chance; but if his next Budget is equally disappointing, the centre of gravity, as on a recent famous occasion, is likely to shift temporarily from the Cabinet to the Carlton Club. In that event Mr. Churchill might have to exchange his present rôle of the Prodigal Son for that of Jonah.

Hope Deferred

GOVERNMENTS depend upon majorities, and majorities are won either upon actual achievements or, more often, upon promises and hopes. They are never won upon disappointment. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick." It would be idle to pretend that the alarming increase of unemployment and

the decline of trade are not already creating a wave of disappointment throughout the country in the minds of those who naïvely imagined that a Conservative Government could work miracles. There will be a corresponding rise of confidence in the opposition parties who find themselves supplied with an unexpected wealth of material with which to attack the Government according to the ancient rules of the party game. This country's only chance of regaining its prosperity is under Conservative government. It would be a calamity therefore if confidence in the present Government should wane as a result of its failure even to attempt the one vital reform, which was immediately imperative, namely, drastic retrenchment in national expenditure. That, in our view, is the chief, if not the only substantial contribution which the Government can make to the restoration of industrial prosperity, and, if they have the will, it is within their power to accomplish. That done, the problem of unemployment would gradually resolve itself by natural means. Doles and relief works which merely overburden the dwindling ranks of bees in order to support and multiply the army of drones are an illusion. Mr. Churchill is credited with the laudable intention of effecting a large economy in dole payments; but unless he makes a heavy cut in other wasteful expenditure, he will find himself in a vicious circle and his hopes will be frustrated by a further decline in trade and consequent increase in unemployment. He has made a bad start, for which, in a weaker man, it would be safe to predict disaster. But Mr. Churchill has both vision and courage. He has also the faculty of quickly assimilating information. If he will apply his great abilities, and summon up all his nerve, to the task, he has yet the opportunity of performing a national service which alone could justify his appointment as Chancellor of the Exchequer in a Conservative administration.

The Security Pact

EVENTS have moved rapidly during the past month. At the time of writing—before the debate in the House of Commons announced for June 24—it would appear that Mr. Austen Chamberlain, supported by the technical experts both in the Foreign Office and the War Office, has secured the adherence of at least a majority of the Cabinet to the policy of the pact. How far the parliamentary debate will reveal the difficulty of this achievement, by letting

loose the threatened flood of criticism and opposition, we cannot judge, but it is no secret that opinion has been very much divided. Although inspired by different motives—the isolationists, the anti-French, and the pro-Germans, were equally determined to oppose a pact with France pledging this country to the defence of the Rhine as a common frontier. Even the isolationists have been by no means united in their attitude. Many of them still adopt the narrow point of view of what used to be called the Manchester school, classically expressed by the *Daily News* on the outbreak of the war, when it urged the advantage of standing aside and making money out of all the belligerents. This is the same type of mind that not so long ago regarded the Dominions as troublesome liabilities and urged their abandonment. It exercises some influence but is not likely to kindle much enthusiasm for its sterile and rather mean ideas.

In sharp contrast—and far more influential—is the other section of the isolationists, since they are inspired with such strong faith in the Empire that they regard the destiny of England as lying mainly in the development of the Dominions oversea. In this it need hardly be said to readers of THE ENGLISH REVIEW that we agree with them. But with this difference, that, whereas the Imperialist-isolationists hold that the realization of our Imperial destiny demands complete severance from European commitments, we believe the development of the Empire, and its growth as an organic whole, require the protection of its heart until its populations and resources oversea have so greatly multiplied as to constitute a world-power of unassailable strength.

This is surely so self-evident an axiom that it can only be assumed that an Imperialist who is also an isolationist has convinced himself that England, as the heart of the Empire, is in no danger from aggression. Alternatively, he may have persuaded himself that such danger, if it exists, may be avoided by the simple process of announcing that in future we desire to have no part or lot in European affairs, and that the Continental nations, if they must fight, will therefore please confine their attentions to one another. There is obviously no escape from one of these alternatives, unless, perhaps, it should be argued that by holding aloof we might in case of necessity be able to strike with more effect on one side or the other.

It is, however, beyond doubt that had Germany been assured we should enter the war against her she would not have struck. It is equally certain if Germany believes that she will be allowed to settle her reckoning with France without British intervention not many years will pass before she makes the attempt, and in that event with almost certain success. Germany next time would make no mistake about her objective, even if we held aloof. She would seize first the Channel ports. Years, perhaps generations, before the British Empire had grown to that dominating power which, with our isolationist friends, we believe to be its ultimate destiny and the strongest, if not the only, effective guarantee of world peace, it might be destroyed by a blow at its heart, which its oversea members would be powerless to avert.

Isolation Impossible

THE policy of isolation was theoretically tenable until the evolution of modern warfare destroyed the security of our island position, protected by an adequate navy. We may deplore the new dangers of attack from the air, submarines and long distance guns, but it would be as foolish not to prepare to counter them as for savages to imagine that bows and arrows were an effective defence against poison gas. No one, indeed, certainly none of our isolationists, is so foolish. We are driven to the conclusion, therefore, that they rely upon a merely passive policy of inaction to exorcise the spirit of conquest and revenge from the German nation. So much has been written in this REVIEW to show that any such hope is illusory that we shall be content to repeat one statement which cannot be denied and which should be conclusive. In seeking a solution of the problem of security the last word should rest with the experts whose duty it is to advise the Government. These are, primarily, the General Staff at the War Office and, secondarily, the permanent officials of the Foreign Office. The British and the French War Offices are in perfect accord as to the measures necessary to be taken as a safeguard against the only possible aggressor, Germany. They are satisfied moreover that these measures will be effective, not merely in repelling aggression, but most probably in preventing the otherwise inevitable attempt.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and his permanent officials at the

Foreign Office, are equally in agreement, and they have at last, after immense and patient labour, achieved a basis of agreement with the French Government. This embodies the minimum requirements of all those trained and tried experts to whom the nation must look to safeguard its interests. Their knowledge and their ability are undoubted. The greatest danger of democratic government is that the wiser counsels of the few may be drowned by the clamour of the ignorant many. But the responsibility of any elected representatives of the nation who deliberately ignore the advice of their experts on a matter of life and death will be heavy.

We have said before that a pact of mutual defence, openly ratified before the world, was a certainty born of necessity and would be dictated by elemental forces beyond our control. The debate will reveal the strength of the opposition to this view, but we are confident that it will prevail.

The League and the Pact

IT is difficult to discover any logical motive for opposition to the pact proposals. Those who are frankly for isolation we deem to be honestly mistaken. But these cannot include Liberals or others pledged to the Covenant of the League of Nations, which already commits us to all the obligations proposed to be assumed under the pact. Nor can they possibly include leaders of the Labour Party responsible for the Geneva Protocol, which involved even greater liabilities. They cannot include that miscellaneous collection of malcontent critics of the Treaty of Versailles, who complained that Germany was ostracized and harshly treated, since the proposed pact is an honest attempt to take Germany at her word and to lift her from the humiliations of a vanquished foe to a plane of equality with the victors. The pact, in short, aims at incorporating in an intelligible instrument, calculated to restore equilibrium, confidence, and goodwill, every principle and provision of value in the Treaty, the Covenant of the League, and the Protocol.

An Obligation of Honour

LAST, but not least, it should command the approval of all those, whom we believe to constitute the great majority of the nation, who recognize that we cannot finally close the account of the war without fulfilling the

honourable obligations which we voluntarily assumed. The adherence of France to the Covenant of the League of Nations, to which we equally subscribed, was conditional upon our undertaking, coupled with that of America, to guarantee her security on the Rhine. America's repudiation of her undertaking was followed by fresh assurances on our part, leading successively to the abortive treaty of mutual security, and to the Protocol. The Conservative Party, rightly, in our view, has decided to reject the Protocol. But it cannot honourably do so without providing an adequate alternative. Nothing less than the pact will serve, even for a generation, to banish the spectre of another war and enable Europe to repair the ravages of the last. Nothing less will satisfy the pledges to which, as a nation, we are as honourably bound as we were to take up arms in 1914.

The Prejudices of Lord Beaverbrook

LORD BEAVERBROOK, when not exercising his talents as a publicity agent for the great drapery houses, still tries, by attacking the Government, to console himself for the loss of the baneful influence in public affairs which he so strangely exercised during the war. As he controls at least one first-class London journal, *The Evening Standard*, to which its readers have for long been accustomed to look for consistently sound and sane views in leading articles of exceptional lucidity, it is deplorable that he should have allowed his anti-French prejudices to find vent in its columns at a moment when, whatever differences may exist as to internal affairs, it is in the highest degree important that responsible Conservative opinion should present a united front on foreign policy. Those, however, who remember some of Lord Beaverbrook's former ill-advised and futile incursions into politics will not be surprised to find him leading the attack upon the pact. It is represented as a liability being forced upon the country, likely to result in another 4s. in the £ income tax to pay for the war which, it is suggested, it will certainly produce. In the same breath it is stated that "We have no pressing danger to apprehend on the Continent," and that, "while France thinks in terms of military repression and diplomatic restriction, Germany sullenly awaits the time when restored military strength will enable her to bid defiance to the threat of

arms and when some change in the diplomatic situation will give her the chance to break the flimsy network of hostile alliances designed to imprison her..... Irresistible reactions throughout the whole Germanic body may involve a new Great War without deliberate intent on the part of any of the parties to the proposed pact."

Thus it is assumed that we have merely to signify our desire to stand aloof in order to secure immunity, and it is actually suggested that the existence of the pact, *which reciprocally protects Germany as well as France*, is in itself an incitement to war. If so, Germany must be a war-mad outlaw. It is not often that the exponent of a theory is at such pains to provide its refutation.

But Lord Beaverbrook, sublimely free from any of those shackles of principle or conviction which fortunately still restrain the more reputable of our public men, conveniently forgets that only last year he himself made his London morning journal ridiculous by a quite unsuccessful attempt to raise a scare of Continental aggression. When it suited his purpose he commanded his organ to shriek a daily warning that French aeroplanes could have no other purpose than the destruction of English homes. The public memory is short, but we venture to suggest to Lord Beaverbrook that for a while, at least, he should continue to devote his attention to cretonnes and cushions, rather than to serious questions of foreign policy.

Labour and Protection

MR. BALDWIN said some time ago that eventually Protection would be brought in by the Labour Party, and it must be said that the Socialists in the present Parliament have done their best to prove that this statement was based on facts. Undoubtedly protected labour means protected industry, when once our politicians have freed themselves from the tyranny of words, which in the final issue mean nothing at all. It is admitted that Free Trade exists nowhere in the world at present, a portion of the Labour Party has had the courage to look at facts as they are, with the result that a considerable proportion of their members have expressed in very practical terms their weariness of being bossed outside by Communists and inside by Cobdenites. It was inevitable that these two protests should be uttered by separate divisions of the

very disunited Socialist Party, and it is all the more pleasing to observe that it was the irreconcilable Clydesiders who gave the most striking support to Imperial Preference when that issue was put to the test of a division. The Empire Exhibition in the first place, and the Commonwealth group in the second, have worked wonders in teaching Socialists the possibilities of the Empire of which they are citizens. The exhibition, and his term of office, seem to have imbued Mr. J. H. Thomas with an understanding of Empire, which made him announce that he would vote with the Government in favour of Imperial Preference. During Mr. Thomas's speech there was some amusing by-play between Mr. Snowden and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. These two professed Free Traders put their heads together with obvious concern, and Mr. Snowden received Mr. Thomas's declaration of faith in the Empire with a grim smile, which contrasted very pleasantly with the debonair smile with which the ex-Premier accepted the situation.

Mr. Kirkwood, for all his blustering and his unfortunate war record, is at heart a patriot, and many of those who listened to him remembered the feeling with which, in the discussion on some forgotten Scottish measure, he announced that he and his friends were ready to fight for Scotland. His pacifism is of the true pugnacious order, and he talked about kith and kin across the seas with sympathy. Even more important was the intervention of Mr. R. Young, the Socialist member for Newton, for, though his speech was expressed in the most moderate language, his declaration that so long as Protection existed in the world he would back up the Dominions and see that they got fair play represents the view of a number of influential trade unionists.

Liberal Unity

THE phrase Liberal Unity has become a contradiction in terms. Desperate ills are said to demand desperate remedies, and it would be hard to discover any more suicidal policy than that which led Captain Wedgwood Benn and Mr. Lloyd George to bury the hatchet between themselves and celebrate the union of their party by a war dance round the Speaker. Captain Benn was undoubtedly very sore: he and his friends had not been able to repeat so many times as they would have liked their arguments

against the Government during the Second Reading of the Finance Bill. Mr. Lloyd George had said his say, so that he appeared as an unselfish champion of the Liberal right to speak till all hours of the night. One by one the other Liberal leaders, Mr. Runciman, Sir Alfred Mond, Sir John Simon, rose to explain how much they disliked the unpleasant task that had fallen to their lot of moving a vote of censure on the Speaker because he had accepted the closure. It was rather unkind of the Speaker to suggest that all the eminent Liberals who had brought forward the censure motion should explain their attitude at the opening of the debate. They all came forward very touched by their own self-sacrifice: with tears they immolated themselves on the altar of perennial eloquence. The better to conceal their grief they tried to turn all their sorrow and wrath against the Government, but the Speaker would have nothing to do with such subterfuges. Again and again he pointed out that it was his behaviour as Speaker that was being discussed, a matter in which the Government had no concern. Mr. Lloyd George was the only orator who ventured to tackle the Speaker with any vigour, and his anger did not go much farther than the shaking of an accusing finger and the utterance of dark prophecies as to what would happen to freedom of speech when Labour was in a majority. The comedy produced a semblance of unity among the Liberals, which many of them would have gladly dispensed with when they thought things over next day. It is sad to observe that that unity has not so far given any serious manifestation of its continued existence apart from a feverish desire to keep the House of Commons sitting all night. It would almost seem that the House would save itself much time and wasted sleep, if only the two Oppositions, Socialist and Liberal, could come to a working agreement. The Labour member depends on tube trains and 'buses; if he has lost his last means of getting home, he is quite ready to go on talking until the workingmen's trains begin to run. The Liberal, on the other hand, is usually independent of such means of transport, and has no hesitation in continuing discussion to an hour when the Socialist is stranded; but when he tires the Socialist is adamant. It is fortunate that the Conservative majority, reinforced by a relay system, is equal to any situations that may arise during an all-night sitting.

British Boxer Indemnity Fund

A PROPOSAL has been put forward to devote a portion of the British Boxer Indemnity Fund, temporarily, to the improvement of river conditions in North China. An area of some 20,000 square miles in the province of Chihli is subject to disastrous and recurrent floods which inflict untold misery on many millions of people. A project for the elimination of these floods has been devised by experts, but there are no funds with which to carry it out. Any moneys advanced from the Boxer Indemnity Fund for this purpose would be refunded from Land Tax on the areas which would benefit. The scheme has the strong support of many influential people, both Chinese and foreign, who are acquainted with conditions in Chihli, and would be of incalculable benefit to millions of the poorest class in China.

Oxford University Chancellorship

ALL Oxford Conservatives learnt with a sigh of relief that after much hesitation the Lord Chancellor, Viscount Cave, had been prevailed upon to stand for the Chancellorship against the Earl of Oxford and Asquith. In Oxford itself there was before this announcement a very pronounced feeling that the Conservative element in the University had been out-manœuvred by methods which have been obsolete since the Coalition. Certain well-known Conservatives were openly accused of intriguing in a manner which was unworthy of the party, and for a time it seemed that the eminent Liberal politician was to be returned unopposed. It was argued by his supporters that he was to be accepted as the ideal alpha plus man without any consideration of politics, but the Tories replied that if politics were deducted from Lord Oxford's career, the residuum would be negligible. Moreover, his attitude towards the Royal Commission, in which was vested the future of our Universities, could only be described as cynical. Nor was the situation improved by the appearance of the name of the Earl of Birkenhead among the nominators of Lord Oxford. The University Tories considered that it was time to have done with Coalition bargainings, and their efforts eventually overcame an opposition which seemed to come from the very highest quarters. They argued with reason that it would be far better to go down in a fair

fight rather than let Lord Oxford walk over, when his supporters, so far as concerned resident members of the University, did not represent 25 per cent. of the total voting strength. Their determination was reinforced by the curious series of misadventures which have previously intervened on every occasion when they have prepared to set up a Conservative candidate. Viscount Cave is to be congratulated on the influential body of University opinion which is behind his candidature.

News or Views?

THE *Morning Post* has, in its time, done great and frequent service in upholding the best traditions of British journalism; it has recently rendered yet another by opening its columns to a "debate" between Mr. St. Loe Strachey, of the *Spectator*, and Sir John Foster Fraser. The title given at the outset to this discussion is "Does the Press need Reform?"—proved in the end to be too wide. Mr. Strachey's simple contention, starting from the postulate that news and opinion should be kept separate, was that there is an unfortunate tendency amongst a certain section of the Press to "colour" the news it presents—especially political news—with its own particular views or prejudices. He was careful to point out that this "colouration" might be, and often is, done without any deliberate *suggestio falsi* or *suppressio veri*. We should have thought that this simple statement could not seriously be questioned; and Sir John Foster Fraser, writing, presumably as an apostle of the "new journalism," was, in fact, unable to question it, and was consequently driven to declare that the tendency, which Mr. Strachey deplores, is really a desirable one, or at any rate one not inherently evil. The attitude that "comment and views of the writer should not be interwoven with the news . . . does not conform with the desires of the public in mass"; the people, he says, "are anxious for the news to be served to them in a particular way"—and so they must be given what they want. This seems a weak, unworthy position for the most influential engine in modern civilization to take up. Would it not consort better with the immense power of the Press if it led the desires of the public a little more and pandered to them a little less? There, in a few words, is the point of difference between the two schools of

thought represented by the protagonists in this "debate." The divergence is fundamental and temperamental, for there will always, in journalism, as in other departments of life, be those who cannot realize the responsibility imposed by power.

The Coal Crisis

By the time these lines appear, the Coal Owners' Federation will probably have given notice to terminate the present wages agreement on July 31. There is no need to regard this move as necessarily precipitating a lock-out or a strike. It is simply intended to clear the ground for negotiations, which there is good reason to hope are likely to be based upon a clearer perception of realities than has been possible for a long time past. The miners have been fed upon the successive illusions of war-time necessities, the Sankey Commission, nationalization, triple alliances, and assurances by their leaders that they had only to strike to secure all their demands. There is an end to all things, and the egregious Mr. A. J. Cook, while certain to make a final desperate effort to cover his failure in chaos, is not unlikely to meet the fate of the false prophet and to be driven to seek a precarious livelihood as a discredited Moscow agitator. Unfortunately, Mr. Frank Hodges, who in this crisis might have saved the situation and securely established himself as leader, in a position analogous to that of Mr. J. H. Thomas in the railway world, is still persuaded that the only hope lies in nationalization and the "unification" of the entire coal-mining industry. This is a counsel of despair, since neither the owners, the Government, nor the nation will accept it. The miners have at present no other policy, but in face of the facts, with which they are already familiar and cannot deny, they can hardly remain passive or enter upon negotiations without putting forward some constructive suggestions. The two conditions which must be met are: (1) Greater output per man, entailing probably extension of hours; and (2) liberty to make district wage agreements, having regard to local conditions. It is not to be supposed that, with leaders of such proved incapacity, the miners will sensibly accept the inevitable without a struggle, nor that Mr. Cook has not some reserves of bluster. But it will not take long for both sides to play their last cards, and then economic law will inevitably prevail.

CURRENT COMMENTS

Civilian War Damages

INDIGNATION is rising at the continued refusal of the Treasury to part with the money actually collected from Germany for the compensation of civilian sufferers from air raids and coast bombardments.

Whilst every other signatory of the Treaty of Versailles, including our own self-governing Dominions, as well as America, is compensating civilian sufferers from German action during the war, either from national funds or from German reparation payments, the English Government alone refuses to recognize the right of the civilian to compensation.

Having compelled the civilian who had "claims against the German Government" to put his claims into their hands for collection, and promised that every effort would be made to collect it; having signed a treaty with Germany by which these claims should be paid in full, and should be a first charge on reparation funds; and having put forward these civilian claims and obtained payment from Germany, the Treasury now refuses to hand over to the individual claimant the money it has received for his or her sufferings on the ground that the *Community* was injured, and that the Government, as representing the community, is entitled to keep the money!

The Treasury contends that because, prior to the late war, the State had not accepted the principle of payment or recovery of damages suffered by the individual at the hands of the enemy, it should not be asked to do so now. But a change of circumstances may render the adoption of a different policy both just and expedient.

Such a change took place in the late war; Zeppelin and Gotha raids and coast bombardments brought the areas affected as much into the war zone as the devastated regions of France and Belgium, differing only in degree and not in kind.

There is abundant official documentary evidence in existence to prove that from 1914 to 1920 this change of circumstances was recognized and that the right of the individual to claim against Germany, or from national funds, was admitted by the Government. It is clear that successive Chancellors were badly advised in 1920 and onward to throw over the then accepted principle of indemnifying the individual against enemy damage—thereby creating

a feeling of wrong in the minds of thousands of their fellow countrymen, who had been led to believe that they would receive full compensation from Germany. Of all the signatories of the Treaty of Versailles, ours is the only Government to benefit at the expense of its civilian sufferers.

The fact that during the war municipal bodies representing 32,000,000, over three-quarters of the population of this country, asked the Government to assume liability for civilian damages (as every other allied government had done), proves that the nation desires that a just settlement of civilian claims should be made.

What will the Government do with these funds if they are not applied to their original purpose, viz. the compensation of the civilian sufferer? Do they think so meanly of their fellow countrymen that they hope to gain their favour by using this money for the relief of taxation? The latest suggestion is that they should be set off against the debts of the French and other allied governments to this country. Difficult as it may be for France to protest against such action, we cannot believe that she will feel any gratitude at being placed in the position of the receiver of funds, which, by her own acts, she has recognized as belonging to those who suffered the damage.

Democracy at a Discount.

DEMOCRACY, in whatever direction we look, shows signs of top-heaviness. Politicians with an eye to votes still respectfully refer to it in their perorations, and to question the divinity of the *vox populi* demands more moral courage than an act of *lèse majesté* in pre-war Prussia. It was thought to have achieved its zenith in Russia where, however, the proletariat quickly discovered that its "dictatorship" was perforce vicariously exercised by the most blood-thirsty gang of tyrants known to history. In this number we publish four articles, each written by an expert with first-hand knowledge, on India, China, Persia, and Spain. The troubles of all four countries are directly traceable to the failure of the democratic system of government. Each of our contributors is clearly of opinion that the only hope of restoring or maintaining order in the country of which he writes lies in an autocratic, rather than a democratic, form of rule.

Next month we shall publish an article by Mr. F. A.

W. Gisborne from the Australian point of view on "Democracy or Empire"—a reasoned analysis of the problem of government based both upon history and consideration of the tendencies of modern democracies.

The Pensions Bill

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "The decision to adopt National Health Insurance, as well as the decision to adopt widows' pensions, were taken to satisfy what the Government would call a 'National Demand for a National Service.' If that be so, then the advantages should be extended to the whole nation, and be paid for by the whole nation.

"A friend of mine is making not less than £15,000 a year on the Stock Exchange. He employs half a dozen clerks, who would come within the meaning of clause 2 of the Act. Under the contributory scheme it is going to cost him about £5 a year to pay his scot under the new law. I am a director of two motor-car companies, employing 4,000 men between them, whose whole immediate prospects were thrown out of gear last year by the repeal of the McKenna duties. Neither of them have been able to make any profit for some years, but both of them have kept the works going and the men employed by raising money on expensive terms for the last five years. They will have to pay in addition to the present burdens for National Health Insurance and Unemployment Insurance, not less than £60 a week, say, £3,000 a year. How can anyone say that their position is equitable as compared with the stockbroker's, or that the burden of what is really a national policy should fall on one section of the nation—the industrial, the hardest pressed of all.

"In a road not far from where I live, inhabited by small shopkeepers and highly respectable working men, two cases occurred lately which illustrate the issue. In the first, a mechanic was killed in the course of his employment, and his widow draws the maximum from the Workmen's Compensation Act, which will be, altogether £600. If this widows' pensions' scheme were in force she would also draw £26 a year for life. The shopkeeper was killed by a motor lorry, and it was held that the driver was not to blame, so the widow gets nothing. If Mr. Churchill's proposals were law she would get nothing under that either. Yet of the two widows she happens to be the more deserving citizen.

"When Mr. Churchill says he cannot finance the scheme out of the National Treasury, he must surely forget that the proposed contributions are, indeed, taxes, enforcible by fine and imprisonment if they are not paid, and a whole army of inspectors will be needed to go round seeing if employers are complying with the law. The only difference is that although taxes they do not go into the Treasury accounts.

"The present proportion of national taxation is roughly two-thirds direct and one-third indirect. It is said that indirect taxation represents the working man's contribution to the Exchequer. The proposed division of contributions under Mr. Churchill's Bill is, in the case of men, 4½d. for the employer and 4½d. for the men, and clause 11, section 3, provides that the Exchequer for nine years from March 31, 1927, shall find £4,000,000 a year. The proportion between taxation on the capitalist and on the man will be, therefore, about two-thirds and one-third.

"When it was decided to grant old age pensions, the conditions were, that every person whose income was below a certain sum, and who had reached the age of seventy, was entitled to go to the post office to draw the money every Friday. The working expenses are under 1 per cent. Why it should be supposed that this is State Socialism, whereas the clumsy contributory weekly taxation of employers and employed is not, is a mystery. The only difference is, that the one is cheap and avoids functionaries, the other is terribly expensive and provides a further indefinite number of State parasites feeding on the producing masses. Surely the Socialism of either scheme lies in the principle of State compulsion and assistance, and not in the details of how the necessary money is to be provided by it.

"Socialism arises when we say that as a matter of national policy the State shall make provision for widows. When we accept that, the method of finding the money, either direct or by contribution is a mere matter of business. No one will deny that it is better business to find it at the cost of 1 per cent. of the amount disbursed than at the cost of 18 per cent. of the amount collected."

THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
JULY, 1925

The Hideous Grub

How deeply the "hideous grub" has bored into the oak of honest Trade Unionism in this country—to employ the Home Secretary's expressive phrase—is a question the future only can reveal. If the estimates of Comrade Zinovieff or Comrade Trotsky are accepted at their face value the oak is in a very bad way indeed. Bolshevist propaganda just now is professing to regard civil war in England as inevitable within a measurable period, and elaborate instructions are being issued respecting the course to pursue when the "pending English revolution" is *un fait accompli*, as the outcome of the triumphant General Strike and the expected corruption of the Forces of the Crown.

Optimistic as the Communists may be of their chances of success, it is clear that Sir William Joynson-Hicks does not propose to allow foreign Communists at all events to tamper with our National institutions, and it is just as well that he seized the occasion in his speech at Chatsworth to deliver an ultimatum to the Bolshevists. The Cabinet, he said, had decided unanimously to prevent foreign Reds from entering the country in future. It would be yet of greater advantage if such welcome action were made retrospective, and the sinister activities of the Moscow Mission protected by the privileges of diplomatic immunity which they have consistently abused since granted them last year by Mr. Ramsay Macdonald were withdrawn. Were the Government to go yet further and take steps to intercept the remittances which arrive, it is understood, with a certain regularity to grease the honest palms of selected British Reds, whose task it is to "deliver the goods," it would quickly check the activities of these gentry. They are more vulnerable in their pockets than in their pride.

Zinovieff and his friends show themselves so astonish-

ingly ignorant of English public opinion—far behind the Germans at their worst, which is saying a great deal—that ordinarily their somewhat monotonous refrain might not be taken very seriously. On the other hand, the indefatigable Mr. A. J. Cook, the Secretary of the Miners' Federation, is also industriously endeavouring to make our flesh creep. He replied to the Home Secretary at Walsall the following day, when he asserted that "a serious crisis" lay ahead, and the "unity of the British Trade Union Movement"—by which he meant the National Minority Movement, the "hideous grub" of Sir William Joynson-Hicks—was assuming "practical form." The Prime Minister and the Home Secretary, he asserted, would wake up one morning to find "something" they had never dreamed of. It was "nearly ready," and he was one of "the inner circle—one of the Big Five," preparing this rod in pickle for the bourgeois. Then he exclaimed in the true spirit of the Fat Boy in "Pickwick": "Oh, if they only knew!" (Perhaps they know a little too much to take Mr. Cook quite at his own valuation.) And on the 22nd June, at Kingwell, Somerset, his "something" had become imminent. "You will see next week," he declared.

It is true that misery, leading to despair, is a fruitful soil for the seed of Communism, and undoubtedly the Moscow Reds, whose one chance of salvation lies in a revolution in England, are taking the gambler's last chance on the throw of the dice. Unemployment figures are steadily rising, and there is, as yet, no sign of expansion in business, but rather the reverse. Upon this soil, unhappily prepared by past misgovernment, the Communists have sown their seed. The secret Thesis (page 21) of the Third Internationale gives the clue to this:

"The Communist Party must in this manner (direct action) influence the widest circles of the proletariat by word and deed, that every economic or political conflict, given the necessary combination of circumstances, may develop into civil war, in the course of which it will become the task of the proletariat to conquer the State."

Whether the "necessary combination of circumstances" exists to-day it is certainly too close for comfortable contemplation. "England is now the chief task

of the Communist Internationale," declared Zinovieff at last year's International Congress: "we must create a left flank of trade unions." That is the task Mr. A. J. Cook has apparently taken upon his shoulders. His "Big Five" of this left flank consist of Mr. Herbert Smith (President, Miners' Federation), Mr. Ernest Bevin (Transport and General Workers' Union), Mr. Frank Smith (Federation of Engineering and Shipbuilding Trades), Mr. A. G. Walkden (Railway Clerks' Association), and himself. In addition, secret negotiations have proceeded with Mr. C. T. Cramp, of the National Union of Railwaymen, Mr. J. T. Brownlie, of the A.E.U. (who controls the electricians in power-stations, gas, water, and sewage), and Mr. Bromley, of the Amalgamated Society of Locomotive Engineers. It is evident that if the miners could compose their differences with the railwaymen, and bring out the transport unions, electricians, gasmen, dockers, and, perhaps, the shipping unions, a very serious situation would arise in any case. Trains, tubes, motor-omnibuses, trams, electric light, gas, and coal would simultaneously vanish. There is no need to emphasize the resultant situation, and the very critical condition of things certain to ensue unless the Government were in a position to cope with such a strike at once, and by no half-measures. It would mean a fight to the death, and failure to grasp the situation firmly would mean much more than the downfall of the Government. It would mean the collapse of the State.

No one can deny that such a contingency is possible, for among most of the trade union executives representing the sheltered occupations it is a queer fact that the extremists form a powerful section, if not the majority. The miners, railwaymen, and electricians have given the nation within the last few years various instances of Communist feeling, and whilst it would be a mistake to take too seriously the threats uttered by Mr. Cook, it would be even more foolish to ignore them. There is no doubt that the Cabinet feels some concern for the present state of affairs, and it is certain that the coal situation as a whole is in a most perilous condition. Even if the miners were willing to work longer hours and at cheaper rates (which Mr. Cook declares to be

impossible) the truth of the matter is that coal has lost its monopoly as a fuel. The mining industry to-day has to face the competition of oil, now largely used by merchant shipping as well as by the Navy; of hydro-electric power increasingly employed in France and Italy, former big purchasers of coal; and of coal substitutes, produced from soft and inferior coal treated by one or other of the carbonizing processes. When to these are added the excessive costs of production in England as against the coal in the Ruhr, and trade union demands and restrictions, it can be seen that no compromises or threats can overcome the laws of economy. Even the experiment at Ruabon on the co-operative basis has failed because the falling price of coal prevents carrying-on except at a loss, even on piece-wage rates. This loss is general. While the economic aspect of the question demands the earnest attention of the Government the country will also look to the Cabinet to take every precaution in advance to see that a sudden general strike should not find the nation unprepared.

A recent inspired statement in the Press said that the Cabinet had "overhauled" all the "machinery" to meet such a contingency as occurred during the Railway Strike in 1919, and the Miners' Strike in 1921. It is to be hoped that both the Board of Trade and the Ministry of Transport will have their arrangements complete, for it is an open secret that after 1921 the organization was allowed practically to lapse. In 1925 it is by no means so easy to collect the personnel as it was in 1921, comparatively soon after the war. Skilled lorry-drivers and mechanics are difficult to find. It would be so easy to paralyse industry by a collective strike when all the skilled workers are mobilized under one or another trade union, that a Government department for strike prevention under modern conditions is in effect a defensive arm, and should never be unprepared to function.

But in the orgy of public expenditure on a swollen Civil Service, it would be surprising to find that adequate provision had been made for such an insurance premium against National disaster! Some show of economy must be made, and how so easily as at the expense of National safety?

The New Entente

By Diplomat

THE pact may be signed or it may not. If it is signed it may be only because Germany, in trying to bring about a break between Britain and France, has been manœuvred instead into a position from which it is difficult to recede. But the proposed pact, even if not signed, will have served a great purpose: it will have brought Great Britain and France together in a new and consolidated entente.

It is remarkable how essential truths assert themselves and refuse to be suppressed. The policies of Mr. Lloyd George and of Mr. Chamberlain are quite dissimilar. And yet, on certain essential principles both men speak in the same fashion. Only their deductions are different. Mr. Chamberlain has said with great force that the entente between Great Britain and France is the nucleus round which the peace of Europe must gradually grow up. But Mr. Lloyd George at Cannes said exactly the same thing: that the entente between the two countries was the corner-stone of European peace. And if the conversations about the pact have had for their only result the consolidation of the entente a great thing has been achieved.

The French note on the pact is addressed to Berlin, but in it the French really speak to the British nation. The sense of their speech is the following: It is not Germany we trust—it is Great Britain. We accept the idea of the pact, but it is the entente we need. We have surrendered some of the principles to which we have steadfastly held all these years. This has been done to conform with the British point of view. Let us work together for the peace of Europe.

For the French nation aspires to peace. It is warlike by race and tradition—yet it wants peace. The French peasant, who remains the real master of the situation, wants peace above all things. The nervous tension left by the war is disappearing. The peasant wants to stand in his field to see the corn mature for a golden harvest; he wants to see his vines bowed with splendid fruit, and the earth all around responding to his incessant loving labour.

The chief difficulty of the French Government in the trouble in Morocco is that it is afraid of the effect the publication of lists of killed and wounded may have in the French provinces. This has always been the case in France. It took all the obstinate and cruel stupidity of the Germans to put the French in a frame of mind not to care for blood or death.

We must always remember that in 1919, by backing out of the security pact, we helped to start the French on a political course which has brought them to the organization of a network of military commitments in Central and Eastern Europe, the burden of which lies heavily upon them. The French Government desires nothing more than to replace the obligations thus incurred by others of a different nature. The present commitments are based on the idea of force applied to keep in order a Germany anxious to avail herself of the first occasion to fight again. The French Government, fortified by the entente with Great Britain, is ready to take the chance of treating Germany as an honourable member of the European concert. The Germans have offered to conclude arbitration treaties with all their neighbours. The French see here the possibility of substituting for their original military obligations new ones which, without disloyalty to their allies in Eastern Europe, may be based on the covenant of the League of Nations, and on the principle of international equity.

We must appreciate all the more the desire of the French to find a compromise with our view because the question of security is an essential and eternal national interest. When several hundred years ago King Philip le Bel ruled in France, one of his chief political advisers was that extraordinary man, Pierre Dubois, professor at the Sorbonne, whose ideas are as fresh now as if they belonged to a living Frenchman. Dubois, in a famous memorandum presented to the King, demanded a military frontier on the Rhine "to preserve peace with Germany." One has the impression that Marshal Foch is addressing the plenipotentiaries of the Great Powers in 1919. The difference with the time of King Philip is only that now, with the progress of modern military technique, the Rhine has become also the British line of security.

The Disorders in China

By J. O. P. Bland

THE situation in China is admittedly serious, but its chief danger lies not in its internal causes, but in certain sinister influences which have been, and are being, brought to bear upon it from outside.

According to every precedent of Chinese history, a period of internal disorder became inevitable when the effective authority of the Central Government lapsed with the passing of the Empress Dowager Tzu Hsi in 1908, and finally disintegrated after the abdication of the Manchu dynasty four years later. China's social system and traditions of government being what they are, it was then easy to predict that, pending the re-establishment of an authoritative central government, either as the result of foreign intervention, or by the emergence of a native leader capable of seizing and holding the reins of power, the ever-latent elements of disorder would come to the surface and batten like locusts upon every form of productive industry. Yuan Shih-k'ai, the last of the great viceroys of the old régime, whose brave attempt to stem the tide of anarchy was brought to nought by the opposition of the Japanese and the vacillation of the British Government in 1916, fully realized the needs and the dangers of the situation. At the very outset of the so-called Republican movement he warned the *Times* correspondent at Peking (November 20, 1911) that its only possible result would be chaos, "amidst which all interests would suffer, and for several decades there would be no peace in the Empire." His worlds have been fulfilled. During the decade which has passed since his death, the long-suffering Chinese people have been as sheep without a shepherd, harassed and plundered by the armed rabbles of rival chieftains, and as yet there is no reliable sign of the Man of Destiny, for whom the sons of Han wait, to restore peace and prosperity.

Left to themselves, the Chinese might be trusted to

solve these problems of disorder, as they have solved them in the past, if only by the process of exhaustion—by waiting, through years of tribulation, till the conflagration burns itself out for lack of material. Then, at the appointed hour, the strong man would appear, speedily compelling the bandit rabbles to go back to their wheelbarrows and ploughs, and the shrill-voiced student to cease from meddling with politics. Left to themselves, the masses of the people would undoubtedly welcome the restoration of the system of government which they understand—benevolent despotism, based on the monarchical tradition—if only because the "Republic" has become associated in their minds with bloodshed and brigandage. Unfortunately for them, however, their destinies are no longer determined by their own instincts and aspirations, for the forces which make for the continuance of disorder in their midst are persistently encouraged by dangerous intrigues and interference from without.

The absence of effective authority at Peking, the venality of rival aspirants for supreme power, the natural timidity of merchants and officials, and the undisciplined activities of the student class—all these are things to which China has long been accustomed and could confidently hope to live down. The vital danger which now threatens the nation lies not in these, but in the fact that, because of her very helplessness, China is in danger of becoming the chief bone of contention between the exponents and opponents of Bolshevism, a cockpit and centre of international strife. The impending hostilities between Chang Tso-lin, the ruler of Manchuria, and Feng Yu-hsiang, the notorious "Christian" general, assume an aspect very different from that of the traditional struggle between rival aspirants for supreme power, because of the fact that Feng is backed by money and guns from Russia and, in return for value received, announces his adherence to Bolshevism and his enmity to Great Britain. In the same way, it would be a matter of small importance that the party which has fought its way to control of the revenues of Canton should choose to call itself communist, in memory of Sun Yat-sen, were it not for the fact that its troops are led by Russian

officers, and that its policital activities are openly directed towards creating trouble in the Crown Colony of Hongkong.

The foreign-educated student class has succeeded in drawing attention to itself as the most prominent factor in the situation, but it should be remembered that its vociferous activities are no new thing. Its capacity for creating a swift-spreading contagion of semi-hysterical excitement and violence, accompanied by the waving of flags and raising of subscriptions, has been repeatedly manifested during the past thirty years. In addition to the natural exuberance of youth, which finds in these exercises practically its only outlet, there are economic and social causes that account for the extraordinary influence and overweening conceit of the students who have replaced the classical scholars of the old régime. One of these causes lies in a persistent characteristic of the Chinese, namely, their readiness to submit to intimidation—a weakness which, in the case of Peking officialdom, has been intensified by the absence of any recognized authority and by recollection of the treatment meted out to two unpopular Ministers by the students in 1915. Moreover, every year sees large numbers added to the crowd of disappointed aspirants for employment in the public service, whose chief hope of emerging from obscurity lies in the instigation and direction of political disturbances. These youths, like the rabble armies of the Tuchuns, are the raw material of disorder; the chief danger of their activities, however, lies, as I have said, not so much in themselves as in the moral support which they have received, and are receiving, from missionaries, educationists, and political idealists in England and America.

This, also, in itself is no new thing. Writing in 1857, with reference to the support then given by missionaries to the Taiping rebels, the *Times* correspondent (George Wingrove Cooke) observed that "amidst the outpourings of blood, in famine and pestilence, in the wreck of all the physical good which antiquity has wrought, our missionaries think they see a hope for the religion of the Bible." Curiously enough, he also observed that "the six black rams, who are reputed to be the genii of Canton

city, seem to have obtained seats in our House of Commons." The vocational optimism which now regards the turbulent activities of the Chinese students as evidence of "a spirit of nationalism with which we should all sympathize," or which takes heart of grace from the alleged Christianity of General Feng Yu-hsiang, is a very natural result of an unchanging professional bias, but there is no denying that it is seriously aggravating the dangers of the situation which has been, to a very great extent, deliberately created by the emissaries of Bolshevism in China.

To ascribe the present disorders to the "growing national consciousness of the Chinese people," as certain worthy Professors and political idealists are doing, reveals a very remarkable ignorance, not only of the actual condition of affairs in China, but of the whole record of the new class of politicians and officials produced by western education during the past fifty years. For where, in all the record of its parliamentary and other activities, can its apologists find the slightest evidence of sincere political convictions directed towards any definite, national purpose of constructive reform? The Chinese have always been patriotic, in the sense that they cherish a deep pride of race, and can easily be aroused to swift manifestations of contempt and hatred for the foreigner; but everything in the history of the country since the proclamation of the Republic amply justifies the assertion that, if China is ever to develop a genuine, coherent national consciousness, and to take her rightful place in the comity of nations, it will not be, it cannot be, under the leadership of the hybrid class which Western learning has produced. This class has conclusively proved the impossibility of bringing its education to bear with any good result upon the realities of life and the real needs of the Chinese people. Yet out of the present strife and turmoil one good result, at least, should come. The irreconcilable Chauvinism displayed by the students of the Westernized universities of Peking and Shanghai should give the *coup de grace* to the proposal that the balance of the Boxer indemnity should be spent on producing more of this explosive material, and serve to divert the money to philanthropic purposes

of a kind really helpful to the Chinese people, such as river conservancy directed towards the prevention of devastating floods.

Space does not permit, nor is it necessary, to expatiate on the criminal folly of those who at this crisis deliberately endanger the lives of English men, women, and children in remote parts of China, by telegraphing their messages of sympathy and encouragement to the Shanghai rioters in the name of the Independent Labour Party or the International Federation of Trade Unions. When the general secretary of the former body writes smugly to the *Times* to assert that "lives would not be in danger if British policy were just, and British trade humane," it is evident that he is either wilfully untruthful, or disgracefully ignorant of the facts of the case on which he presumes to offer advice. It is, indeed, difficult to believe that he is unaware of the fact that every city in the interior of China has been looted, and many of them more than once, during the past twelve years, with enormous loss of life, by lawless soldiery and bandits who know and care nothing about British or any other policy, and who have only been prevented from plundering the wealth which has hitherto enjoyed security at the Treaty Ports by the knowledge that any attempt of the kind must be accompanied by serious risks to themselves. Similarly, the President of the International Federation of Trade Unions must be aware that if the rioters whom he encourages were to get the upper hand at Shanghai, not only would there be no "improved industrial conditions for Chinese workers" there, but there would be a swift end to all their means of livelihood for many a day to come.

Fortunately, despite the shrill clamour of the students, the provincial authorities, headed by Chang Tso-lin, appear to realize where their interests and their duty lie, and to appreciate the sinister significance of Russian intrigues at Peking and at the ports. It is obviously the duty of H.M. Government to give them all possible support.

The Outlook in Persia

By Suleiman

THE eyes of the world have of late been so attentively fixed on the crises and catastrophes of European politics that the situation in Persia, which immediately after the war was one of the principal preoccupations of Great Britain, has passed out of the minds of most of us. Yet it is extremely interesting, apart from the intimate connection which Persia has always had, and always will have with the Empire of India, to watch the struggles of this ancient people to keep their ship of State afloat in the storms which have followed the armistice of 1918.

Never have the prophets been so woefully discredited as by the revival of a national spirit in Persia since the Great War. Every expert who discussed the subject agreed that it was hopeless to expect any growth from this withered tree. The most acute and well-informed observers declared that the Persian body politic had no backbone. The small governing class who divide their time between place-hunting and poker in the clubs of Teheran are utterly corrupt and selfish. The administration is slacker and more inefficient than that of any other country, civilized or semi-civilized, in the world. The middle class of traders and artisans are entirely indifferent to public affairs, except when their own purely personal and local interests are affected. The lower class of townspeople and the peasantry live in a state of hand-to-mouth poverty and beggary. Centuries of complete dependence on the landlords and their money-lenders have left them with even less conception of political or economic liberty than the peasants of Russia or of China. The nomadic tribes of the plains and the mountains are isolated and self-contained, and their activities are confined to an occasional outbreak of organized brigandage on a large scale, or to the threat of intervention by their feudal chiefs in the intrigues of Teheran.

Consider a state with a corrupt and self-seeking aris-

tocracy, a negligible middle-class, and a population without any cohesion or character—consider the nominal head of this State, a *fainéant* sovereign who commands neither respect nor confidence, and whose continued absence from his country has laid him open to the imputation of being afraid to return to it, and it is surely not rash to prophesy rapid collapse and disintegration, without some kind of artificial support.

Before the Great War this support was provided by the rivalry between Great Britain and Russia. After the war, when Russia's collapse left Great Britain alone in the field, the Persians sought desperately for another Power to take Russia's hand in the game. But France was unable, and America was unwilling; and it seemed that nothing remained but to make the best of things, and to endeavour to establish some sort of stable administration, with the assistance of Great Britain, which would enable the Central Government to enforce its authority and to collect its revenue. The Anglo-Persian agreement of 1919 was the result.

The idea, which was conceived by Lord Curzon, was wise and statesmanlike—to save an ancient and inoffensive people, our next-door neighbours in Asia, from anarchy and misery, and to establish a strong and friendly state in the nerve-centre of the East.

The policy failed, not in its design, but in its execution; it is impossible here to discuss the reasons for its failure; but its conception and its brief existence saved Persia, because it cannot be doubted that at that most critical juncture, when thrones and dominations were toppling like trees before the axe, nothing but British support could have maintained a semblance of government at Teheran; without that support Persia would have flown in pieces from sheer centrifugal force.

The confusion which accompanied the failure of Lord Curzon's policy brought to the front Reza Khan, the Sirdar Sipah. A *coup d'état* was organized by certain politicians. The conspirators admitted to their councils an officer of the Persian Cossack Division, Reza Khan by name; an ambitious man, who had worked his way up from the lowest rank and had acquired a good deal of influence, in a small way, among his brother officers and

men. Reza Khan led a small force, which, appearing suddenly at the gates of Teheran in February, 1921, entered the city almost unopposed, and brought about the fall of the Government. In the new ministry Reza Khan became Minister of War. Having consolidated his hold over the army, he was soon in the position of dictator, and demanded and obtained the post of Prime Minister for himself. Like Mussolini in Italy, and Mustapha Kemal in Turkey, he has established a personal ascendency which no one at present dares to challenge. His strong rule and his personality are the props which uphold Persia to-day; and he has done much, with Persian troops and officers, to establish that order and respect for the Central Government which seemed unattainable without the help of foreigners.

The Anglo-Persian agreement had, indirectly, another result, which is one of the factors to be attentively considered by anyone who attempts to forecast the trend of events in Persia. It gave occasion for the manifestation of a feeling, long dormant and dumb, and unrealized by the Persians themselves, still less by foreigners—a sentiment which yet must be reckoned with as a living force. With all his selfishness, with all his passive acquiescence in official corruption and petty tyranny, the Persian is passionately, superstitiously attached to his country. This sentiment by no means resembles the healthy, boisterous, drum-beating patriotism of Western nations; it is a kind of spiritual affection for a disembodied ghost, for the glory and splendour that once were Iran. Its manifestations are apt to be pathetically humorous. The present writer has seen a portly, middle-aged, unemotional gentleman descend from the motor-car in which he was crossing the frontier line between Mesopotamia and Persia and fling himself on the ground to kiss the sacred, unpolluted soil of his Motherland. This man was typical. He had no illusions as to the state of degradation and decay into which his country has fallen. He knew that the realm of Persia existed only on sufferance, and that his countrymen were fleeced, harried, and tyrannized over by one of the feeblest Governments in the world; but he was intensely proud of the one heritage left from the past—the freedom of Persia from foreign

rule. However corrupt, unjust, and contemptible his rulers were, they were at least Persians.

To men like this the Anglo-Persian agreement was represented to be a virtual annexation—"Indianization" was the expression used—of Persia by the British. The representation was false, it was mere propaganda set up by the enemies of the agreement; but there was a great deal in the attitude of the British to encourage the belief that it was true; the result was that for the first time in history the force which is called Public Opinion made itself felt in Persia. There were none of the "demonstrations" (to which Teheran is well accustomed) by mobs of hired scallywags who neither know nor care what they are shouting for so long as they get their pay. There was rather a deep, sullen resentment, an incoherent muttering in the bazaars and mosques like the mopping and mowing of a dumb creature striving to express its terror, which impressed the careless, self-seeking politicians of the capital all the more, because they did not understand it at all. It was as if the ghost of Old Persia had risen from its grave to confront the betrayers of the country. The Government gave way, the agreement was dropped, and the manifestation disappeared; but the sentiment which gave it birth is there, and has found itself; and it may yet give something more than transitory success to Reza Khan's efforts to govern Persia by and for the Persians.

The one other living force in Persia to-day is religion; and it is by far the best organized force in the country. The Persians are Shia Mahomedans, intensely fanatical, and as credulous as they are ignorant. When his fanaticism is roused, then, and only then, is a Persian really dangerous. A mob of Persians clamouring for bread or for civil rights is a flock of sheep; the same mob, excited by the most wildly improbable story of sacrilege by an unbeliever, is a pack of howling wolves. A few months ago an American consul was battered to death by a mob in the streets of Teheran because, in all innocence, he attempted to take a photograph of a public fountain to which superstition had attributed magical powers. Their priests, the *moulvies*, can fan a revolution into flame by a whisper. Naturally these *moulvies* and their chiefs, the *Ulema*,

are treated with the greatest respect by all who aspire to control Persian affairs of State. A short time ago Reza Khan organized a *coup d'état*, the object of which was to depose the Shah and to establish a republic with Reza Khan himself as President. Everything was ready for the decisive step. There was no serious opposition to be expected from the Shah or from any political party; the absentee King of Kings is a mere ninepin to be knocked over by anyone who can aim straight; and all opposition in the political arena was cowed by Reza Khan's personality and by his absolute control of the army. But at the last moment the clergy became alarmed. A republic to them was synonymous with Bolshevism, and Bolshevism means the subversion of all religion. Reza Khan hastened to Kum, the sacred city, which is the headquarters of the hierarchy. The *Ulema* were polite but firm; they were quite willing to remain on friendly terms with Reza, and to support him as Prime Minister, only there must be no republic. Reza Khan was too wise to risk a fight on such dangerous ground. He rode back to Teheran and countermanded the *coup d'état* as if it had been a parade; and the King of Kings, disporting himself on the Riviera, still enjoys that somewhat empty title.

Here, then, are the three elements, by the fusion or counter-action of which the immediate future of Persia is to be shaped. A deep-rooted, but as yet inarticulate, patriotism; a less deeply-rooted, but very well-organized and exploited fanaticism; and an ambitious adventurer of powerful personality, considerable ability, and strong common sense. It is always futile to dogmatize about the future, but it is the task of statesmanship to be prepared against any eventuality, and to know the factors is at least the first step towards the solution of any problem.

Goldfinches at Ryme Intrinsica*

By W. H. Hudson

THERE is much in a name, and when I left Yeovil to run to Dorchester by that lonely beautiful road which takes you by the clear, swift Cerne and past the ancient figure of a giant with a club on the down-side over against Cerne Abbas, I went a little distance out of my way to look at a small village solely on account of its singular and pretty name. Or rather two villages—Yetminster and Ryme Intrinsica. Who would not go a dozen miles out of his road for the pleasure of seeing places with such names? At the first I was unlucky, since the only inhabitant I made acquaintance with was an unprepossessing, voluble old woman with greedy eyes who, though not too poor, at once set herself to conjure a shilling out of my pocket. In the end we quarrelled and I went away regretting I had met her, seeing that her unpleasing image would be associated in my mind with the picture of Yetminster—its noble, ancient church standing in its wide green space, surrounded by old stone-built thatched houses with valerian and ivy-leaved toad-flax and wallflower growing on the crumbling walls.

At Ryme Intrinsica I was more fortunate. It was a charming village with stone cottages, as is usual in that stone country, and a pretty little church standing in the middle of a green and flowery churchyard. Here there were several small yew-trees, and no sooner had I got inside the gate than out fluttered a goldfinch in brilliant feather, emitting his sharpest alarm note. Then from trees and bushes all round, where they had been concealed, more goldfinches fluttered forth, until there were twelve, all loudly protesting against my presence at that spot, flitting from tree to tree and perching on the terminal twigs within three or four yards of my head. Never had I seen goldfinches so excited, so bold in mobbing a man: I could only suppose that very few visitors came into that

* "English Review," May 1909.

secluded churchyard, where they were breeding, and doubtless a stranger in the place was a much more alarming figure to them than the parson or any of the native villagers would have been. But it was a new and delightful experience to find so many pairs breeding together, making their nests within reach of a man's hand.

Now as I stood there watching the birds I by chance noticed that a man and his wife and little girl standing at their cottage door hard by were intently and suspiciously watching me. On coming out I went over to them and asked the man how long they had had goldfinches breeding so abundantly in their churchyard. A very few years ago, I had been told that the goldfinch had almost ceased to exist in Dorset. He replied that it was true, that goldfinches had begun to increase only during the last three or four years since they had been protected by law all the year round.

He could not have given me more agreeable news. I remembered with a keen sense of satisfaction that the late Mr. Mansel Pleydell-Bouverie, of Whatcombe in Dorset, had written to me asking my advice in drawing up a new bird-protection order for the county, and that in replying I had strongly urged him to secure the fullest protection the law can afford to this most charming and most persecuted of all small birds.

Two or three years before that date I spent several weeks in Somerset, walking a good deal, without once seeing or hearing a goldfinch, yet if I had come within fifty yards of a copse or orchard inhabited by a pair, their sharp, unmistakable *whit-whit* would have advertised their presence. At Wells I made the acquaintance of a man past middle-age who had taken to bird-catching as a boy and still followed that fascinating vocation. "Have you never had goldfinches in these parts?" I asked him; to which he replied that he remembered the time when they were abundant, but for the last thirty years or longer they had been steadily decreasing and were now practically gone. They had gone because they were too much sought after; then he added: "I daresay they would come again if there was a law made to stop us from catching them." I expressed the hope that such a law would come in time, at which he shook his head and grunted. Now

Somerset has such a law, and I hear that goldfinches are again to be seen in the Wells district. In fact, county after county has taken up the cause of this pretty and useful little bird, and in a small map of the country lying before me, in which the counties where the goldfinch receives protection throughout the year are coloured red, I find that on more than three-fourths of the entire area of England and Wales the bird is now safeguarded. As a result it is increasing all over the country, but it will be many years before we have it in its former numbers. How abundant it was about eighty years ago, before its long decline began, may be gathered from the following passage in Cobbett's "Rural Rides," describing his journey from Highworth to Malmesbury in Wiltshire.

"Between Somerford and Ocksey, I saw, on the side of the road, more *goldfinches* than I had ever seen together; I think fifty times as many as I had ever seen at one time in my life. The favourite food of the goldfinch is the seed of the *thistle*. The seed is just now dead-ripe. The thistles are cut and carried away from the fields by the harvest; but they grow alongside the roads, and in this place in great quantities. So that the goldfinches were got here in flocks, and, as they continued to fly before me for nearly half a mile and still sticking to the roads and brakes I do believe I had, at last, a flock of 10,000 flying before me."

Cobbett rightly says that the seed of the thistle is the favourite food of the bird; and once upon a time an ornithologist made the statement that the improved methods of agriculture in England had killed the thistle, thus depriving the goldfinch of its natural food, the result being that the bird had declined in numbers to the verge of extinction. The statement has been copied into pretty well every book on British birds since it was made. O wise ornithologists, what does the goldfinch live on during nine months of the year? How does he exist without his natural food? How does he live even in the unnatural conditions of a cage without thistle-seed? I know of one case in which the poor prisoner lived shut up in his little wire box for eighteen years. Besides, the museum or closet naturalist is very much out of it when he talks about the extirpation of the thistle. The good

old plant is doing very well. Long before the recent legislation which empowers the local authorities to protect their birds, I had been a frequent visitor to, and a haunter of, many extensive thistle-grown places in southern England—chalk downs that were once wheat-fields gone out of cultivation for half a century or longer, ruined sheep-walks where in July and August I could look over hundreds of acres of rust-brown thistles, covered with their glistening down, the seed "dead-ripe," and never a goldfinch in sight!

Let us hope the compilers of bird books will now drop this silly fable.

And now I must go back to Ryme Intrinsica—the pretty name of that village makes me reluctant to leave it—and to its goldfinches, the little company of twelve fluttering with anxious cries about my head, a very charming spectacle, and to an even more brilliant picture or vision of the past which was all at once restored to my mental eye. We are familiar with the powerful emotional effect of certain odours, associated with our early life in this connection; occasionally effects equally strong are produced by sights and sounds, and this was one. As I stood in the churchyard watching the small flutterers in their black and gold and crimson liveries, listening to their excited cries, a vision of my boyhood was brought before me, so vivid as to seem like reality. After many years I was a boy once more, in my own distant home, and the time was October when the brilliant spring merges into hot summer. I was among the wind-rustled tall Lombardy poplars, inhaling their delicious smell, at that spot where a colony of a couple of dozen black-headed siskins were breeding. They are without the crimson on their faces; their plumage is black and gold, but to all English-speaking people in that far country they are known as goldfinches, and in flight and habits and love of thistle-seed and in melody and in their anxious piping notes they are like our English bird. They are now fluttering about me, like these of Ryme Intrinsica, displaying their golden feathers in the brilliant sunshine, uttering their agitated cries, while I climb tree after tree to find two or three or four nests in each—dainty little mossy down-lined cups placed between the slender branches and trunk, each with

its complement of shining pearly eggs—a beautiful sight to a boy!

Then another picture follows. We are now in the burning days of November and December, the vast, open, treeless plains as far as one can see parched to a rust-brown, and cattle and horses and sheep in thousands to be watered at the great well. I see the native boy on his big horse drawing up the canvas bucket; the man by the well catching the hoop as it comes to the surface and directing the stream of clear, cold water into the long wooden troughs. But the thing to see is the crowd of beasts, the flocks and herds gathering before noon at the accustomed spot, first seen coming in troops and lines, walking, trotting, galloping from all that shadeless illimitable expanse where the last liquid mud in the dried pools has been sucked up. What a violent crowd! What a struggling and what an uproar of bellowings, whinnyings and multitudinous bleatings! And what dreadful blows of horns and hoofs rained on each other's tough hides! For they are all mad at the sight and smell of water, and only a few at a time have room to drink at the trough.

But the crowding and fighting and drinking is now all over; even the sheep, the last to get to the water, have had their fill and streamed away over the plain once more, and the spilt water lying in pools at the side of the long wooden troughs is visited by crowds on crowds of little birds—small crested song-sparrows, glossy purple cow-birds, with other-coloured troupials, the "starlings" of the New World; and tyrant-birds of divers colours—olive-green, yellow, chestnut, black and white and grey and many more; doves, too, brown oven-birds and finches in great variety. The best of these were the goldfinches, in close little flocks and in families, the young birds clamouring for food and drink with incessant, shrill, tremulous, reedy cries.

What a contrast between this dainty, bright-coloured crowd of feathered drinkers and that of the pushing, fighting, bellowing beasts! And what a sight for a boy's eyes! There I would stay in the hot sun to watch them when all the others, the work of watering over, would hurry away to the shade of the house and trees, and my

desire to see them more closely, to look at them as one can look at a flower, was so insistent and so intense as to be almost a pain. But I had no binocular and didn't even know that such an instrument existed; and at last to satisfy the craving I took it into my head to catch them —to fill my hands with goldfinches and have them in numbers. It was easily done. I put an old deal box or packing-case over a pool of water, one side propped up with a stick, to which a long string was attached. With the end of the string in my hand I sat and waited, while birds of many kinds came and took their half-dozen sips and flew away, but when a flock of goldfinches appeared and gathered to drink under the box, I pulled the string and made them prisoners. Then I transferred them to a big cage, and, placing it on a stand under the trees, sat down to feast my eyes on the sight—to look at a goldfinch as I would look at a flower. And I had my reward and was supremely happy, but it was a short-lived happiness, for very soon the terror and distress of my little captives, and their senseless, frantic efforts to get out of their prison, began to annoy and make me miserable. I say "senseless," because I had no intention of keeping them in captivity, and to my small-boy brain it seemed that they might have restrained themselves a little and allowed me to enjoy seeing them for an hour or two. But as their flutterings and strainings and distressing cries continued I opened the cage and allowed them to fly away.

Looking back on that incident now, it strikes me as rather an inhuman thing to have done; but to the boy, whose imagination has not yet dawned, who does not know what he is doing, much has to be forgiven. He has a monkey-like, prying curiosity about things, especially about living things, but little love for them. A bird in a cage is more to him as a rule than many birds in a bush, and some grow up without ever getting beyond this lower stage. Love or fondness of or kindness to animals, with other expressions of the kind, are too common in our mouths, especially in the mouths of those who keep larks, linnets, siskins and goldfinches in cages. But what a strange "love" and "kindness" which deprives its object of liberty and its wonderful faculty of flight! It is very like that of the London East-end fancier who sears the

eye-balls of his chaffinch with a red-hot needle to cherish it ever after and grieve bitterly when its little darkened life is finished. "You'll think me a soft-hearted chap, but 'pon my soul when I got up and went to say good-morning to my bird, and give him a bit of something to peck at, and found poor Chaffie lying there dead and cold at the bottom of his cage, it made the tears come into my eyes."

It is love of a kind, no doubt.

The East-ender is "devoted" to his chaffinch, but for the generality the first favourite is undoubtedly the goldfinch, and if few are seen in cages compared with larks and linnets it is because they are much rarer and cost more. Our "devotion" to it, as we have seen, nearly caused its extermination in Britain, and we now import large numbers from Spain to supply the demand. One doubts that the bird will stand this drain very long, as the Spanish are just as fond of it (in a cage) as we are.

Here I am reminded of a very charming little poem about a caged goldfinch by one of my favourite authors—"El Colorin de Filis," by Melendez, an eighteenth-century poet. I do not think that any one who reads this poem and others of equal merit to be found in the literature of Spain would deny that the sentiment of admiration and tenderness for birds is sometimes better and more beautifully expressed in Spanish poetry than in ours. Not only in the old, which is best, but occasionally in reading modern verse I have been surprised into the exclamation: Would that we could have this poem, or this passage, suitably translated! This has seemed strange, since we cannot allow that the Spanish generally, wedded as they are to their ancient barbarous pastimes, and killers of all small birds for the pot as they are now becoming in imitation of their French neighbours, can surpass or even equal us in sympathy for the inferior creatures. It is the language which makes the difference: the Spanish is better suited to the expression of tender sentiments of that kind. The verse flows more freely, with a more natural music than ours; it is less mechanical and monotonous in sound, and as it is less distinct from prose and speech in form, we are never so conscious of the artistry. The feeling appears more genuine, more from the heart, because of the seeming artlessness. We see it

all in this little goldfinch poem and say at once that it is untranslatable, or that it would be impossible to render its spirit, because in English verse the tender feeling, even if it could be expressed so delicately and beautifully, would not convey the same air of sincerity. Swinburne could not do it, which may seem a bold thing to say, seeing that he has given a music to our language it never knew before. It is a music which in certain supreme passages makes one wonder, as if it did not consist in the mere cunning collocation of words but in a magic power to alter their very sound, producing something of a strange, exotic effect; incomparably beautiful and altogether new in our poetry. But great as it is it never allows us to escape from the sense of the art in it, and is as unlike the natural music of Melendez as the finest operatic singing is unlike the spontaneous speech, intermingled with rippling laughter, of a young girl with a beautiful fresh sparkling voice.

From Swinburne to Adelaide Anne Proctor is a long drop, but in this lady's works there is a little poem entitled "The Child and the Bird," which, if not precisely a translation, strikes me as a very close imitation of the "Phyllis and her Goldfinch" of Melendez, or of some other continental poet, probably Spanish, who has treated the same subject. At all events, the incident related is the same, except that a little girl has been substituted for the young wife of the original. Here is the first stanza:

> Wherefore pinest thou, my bird?
> Thy sweet song is never heard.
> All the bird's best joys surround thee,
> Ever since the day I found thee.
> Once thy voice was free and glad,
> Tell me why thou art so sad?
> If this coarse thread cause thee pain,
> Thou shalt have a silken chain.

What poor, artificial stuff it is! How it bumps you, each line ending with the dull, hard, wooden thud of the rhyme! Doubtless if a better poet had written it the result would not have been so bad; my sole reason for quoting it is that I can find no other translation or version in our literature. We abound in bird poems, some of them among the most beautiful lyrics in the language; but I confess that, for the reasons already given, even the best,

such as those of Wordsworth, Hogg, Shelley and Swinburne himself, particularly in his splendid Ode to the Seamew, fail to give me entire satisfaction.

I am bad at translating, or paraphrasing, anything, and the subject of the Spanish poem is one peculiarly suited to verse; if taken out of that sublimated emotional language, I fear it must seem flat, if not ridiculous. Nevertheless, I will venture to give here a simple prose translation of the anecdote, and will ask the reader to retranslate it in imagination into swift-flowing verse, in a language perhaps unknown to him which reproduces to the eye and ear of the mind the sights and sounds described—the disordered motions, the flutterings and piercing cries of the agitated bird, and the responsive emotions of its tenderhearted mistress, which come, too, in gusts, like those of her captive, and have, too, their own natural rhythm.

The poem tells that one day Phyllis finds her pet goldfinch in a strangely excited state, in revolt against its destiny, at war with the wires of its cage.

Phyllis of the tender heart, the simple tastes, the lover of little birds from a child, who, though now a wife, finds in them still her dearest, most intimate happiness.

What ails her bird? He strikes his little beak on the wires, then strikes again; he clings to the side of his cage; he flits, above, below, to this side and to that, then grasping a wire with his small mandibles, tugs and tugs as if he hoped by putting forth all his little strength to break it. He cannot break nor bend it, nor can he rest, but tired of tugging he thrusts his head through the close bars and strives and strains to force his way out, beating on them with his wings. Then, after a brief pause, renews and redoubles his puny efforts; and at last, taken out of himself, dashes from side to side, until the suspended cage is shaken with his passion.

Ah, my birdling, cries lovely Phyllis, astonished and grieved at the spectacle, what a poor return you are making me! How badly this temper fits you!—how unlike your gentle twittering this new sharpness in your voice which wounds me! But I know the cause too well! Fear not, dear bird, to alienate my love—that I shall forget in this your rebellious moment the charm that made

you precious, and charge you with ingratitude and in anger and disdain thrust you from my sight. For what avails my solicitude and affection—what does it matter that with my own hands I supply you with food and drink and a hundred delicate morsels besides; that with my fingers I tenderly caress you; that I kiss you with my lips? It is nothing that you are dear to me, that my chief delight is in listening to your sweet lively trills and twitterings, since I am but your gaoler who holds you from that free air which is your home and the sweet mate you would be with! No, you cannot be glad; nor is it possible you should nor fear and hate the hand that ministers to your wants, since it is the same hand that has cruelly hurt you and may hurt you again with a yet closer, more barbarous confinement.

Alas, I know your pain, for I too am a captive and lament my destiny, and though the bonds that hold me are woven with flowers I feel their weight none the less, and cannot but feel it. Left an orphan in my earliest years, it was my fate to leave my home before completing my seventeenth year, at the will of others, to be a wife. He who took me was amiable and more than kind to me. Like a brother, a friend, a passionate lover, he protects, he honours, he worships me, and in his house my will is law. But I have no pleasure in it. His devotion, his gifts, are like mine to you, when I am carried away by the charm of your beauty and melody, when I call you my sweet little one, and you come to my call to bite me caressingly with your little beak and flutter your black and yellow wings as if to embrace me; and in my ardour I take you tenderly in my hands to hold you to my heaving breast and wish and wish that in kissing you I could give you my very life!

Even so does my owner with me: when in the delirium of passion he strains me to him, when he showers gold and gems and all beautiful gifts on me, and seeks after every imaginable pleasure, and would give his very life for me—his mistress, bride and queen, who is more than all the world to him. In vain—in vain! Here in my heart there is a voice which asks me: Does it delight you? Does it sweeten your captivity? Oh, no, no, his benefits do but increase this secret eternal bitterness!

Even so do you, oh, my little bird, reward me for all my love and tenderness and blame me with those painfully sharp notes for this tasteless life to which you are doomed; even so do you cry for your lost liberty, and open and flutter your wings with the desire to fly.

Yor shall not open them in vain—your pleadings have pierced my heart. You shall go, my beloved bird—you shall go in peace. My love can no longer deny you the boon desired so ardently—so easily bestowed! Go, and know the happiness which freedom gives, which is now yours, but cannot also be mine.

So saying, Phyllis opens the cage and sets it free. Away it flies; tears burst forth at the sight; tearfully she watches it winging its way through the air till its little form is lost in the distance; and gazing still, for one sweet moment has the illusion that she, too, has flown, following it—that she, too, has recovered her lost liberty.

"WILD WINGS," another article by W. H. HUDSON, will be published in the August number.

Anarchy in Art and Letters

By The Hon. Stephen Coleridge

THE bas-relief erected in Hyde Park as a memorial of Hudson is a painful evidence of the lack of education in the first principles of Art appertaining to those responsible for putting it there.

I do not know who those persons were, with the exception of Mr. Morley Roberts, who has confessed to sharing being a participant in that responsibility, but none of them can have had their taste and knowledge of sculpture based on the masterpieces that the whole world has recognized as such for the entire period of European civilization.

There are some persons afflicted from their birth with inability to discern one colour from another, others there are incapable of distinguishing harmony from discord in music, and yet others who have no apprehension of prosody and rhythm in poetry. So I suppose there are to be found here and there persons born blind to the tender loveliness of Praxiteles and the austere majesty of Phidias, who have no sense of what is beautiful in form, and to whom a sack of potatoes is as noble an object as the genius of the Vatican. It is a pity that a collection of these latter defective individuals were selected to choose a memorial for public exhibition in our Hyde Park.

Those of us who have submitted ourselves to the painful experience of being in the same gallery with Mr. Epstein's former "works," remember a performance of his called a "Venus," which, in simple fact and truth, had a body like a postal pillar-box and a face like the back of a Latin grammar. It is many years since I was in Germany, and it will very likely be many years before I go there again, but I do not remember that this Venus really represented the highest type of Teutonic female beauty as it existed when I was there, and I hope that it does not faithfully celebrate German female beauty to-day.

But this dreadful monument in Hyde Park is no isolated disaster. Look where we will, beauty to-day is scorned and ugliness acclaimed.

ANARCHY IN ART AND LETTERS

In the last twenty years we have had one set of persons painting men and women with heads like lard bladders and limbs like German sausages; followed by another set of persons who have represented the human form as an agglomeration of parallelograms, rhombs and triangles. Gaping crowds of uneducated donkeys have crowded into the little esoteric galleries at a shilling a head where these impertinences have been exhibited.

It is to be regretted that the Royal Academy has lately seemed afraid, totally to reject these absurdities, and to stand out boldly and firmly for law and order in painting, which I should have thought was the appropriate function for such an institution.

In Letters we have had the same eruption of uneducated nonsense.

Various collections of words, possessing neither rhyme, rhythm, nor prosody, are printed in lines of no particular length down the middle of pages of books with "Poetry" inscribed on their backs and title pages, and these are hailed by the critics as something superior to all those discredited masters from Homer to Tennyson, who obeyed with reverence the accepted rules of metre.

This flouting of law and order in Literature and Art, this rejection of beauty, and this prostration before hideousness, is due, it seems to me, to two causes.

Bolshevism, which detests authority and insults tradition, has violated the holy ground of established culture and mature taste and is one of the sinister forces now drawing weak people away from truth and beauty. The other is the hatred of honest labour that is spreading throughout the world.

The road to worthy skill in Art and Letters is steep and full of stones, and must be climbed with ardour, not unaccompanied by pain, by any that would attain to mastery of their craft. The patience necessary for this adventure is not often to be found in these days.

And so, till a new generation arises with reverence for the noble traditions that have governed all great Letters and Art for two thousand years, we are destined to be conducted down the dull and squalid ways of ugliness and stupidity.

Their Lord and Master

By Douglas Ainslie

SINCE the dawning we had sought them through the mazes of the forest
In the heart of distant, fairy Travancore,
Where the sun could hardly filter through the groves of Coromandel,
Linked by leagues of crimson creepers, and the roar
Of the lion from his ambush drowns the chatter of the monkeys,
As they pelt with broken fruit the forest floor.
One led us up the hillside and we clambered through the bushes
To a rocky platform opening on the plain.
Then a marvel: just below us roamed the herd of fifty females,
And the days before the Deluge came again.
In their innocence they roamed there, fifty mothers with their offspring:
Pulling playfully great branches from the trees
They bestowed them, bending downward, then indulged in giant antics,
Tumbling, rolling mighty babies with their knees.
Sometimes playfully a mother leaned her back against a palm-tree:
Like a feather it sailed downward to the ground.
Sometimes playfully another, clasping with her trunk her baby
Whirled a ton of yelling pleasure round and round.
Not an eye of them had seen us, not an ear of them had heard us,
Where we waited with his Karma for their King.
(In this waste each forest matron loved her lord, her king, her patron,
And each showed her love a noble, tragic thing.)
We knew that he was coming by the crash of distant branches—

THEIR LORD AND MASTER

It chanced upon my friend to speed the ball
That pierced those mighty ears: in the majesty of years
He fell as only monuments can fall.
Then the fifty ceased to browse and the head of every spouse
Sought the elephantine form to her most dear;
Not one of all looked round, though they must have heard the sound:
They were far above the range of hate or fear.
They drew near their lord and master, where he lay in dim disaster,
Gently each one touched his body with her trunk;
Then in silence bowed her head, when she knew that he was dead,
And a moment deep in loving memories sunk;
Then in silence went and came, human each in all but name,
Bearing mounds of earth and rocks and mighty boughs,
Till the cairn was piled on high—for them, too, is the sky—
And for them, too, the fulfilling of their vows.
Done her service to the dead, each one bowed once more the head,
And sorrowing went silently away.
My eyes then sought my friend, and behold we shared one end:
Twain branches on that monarch's tomb to lay.

The Passing of India?*

By Lord Sydenham of Combe

No one is better qualified than Sir Michael O'Dwyer to write a book on the confused situation in India—the scene of the greatest achievements of our race in the mighty task of government, now threatened by the Nemesis of our greatest political blunders.

An Irishman from Tipperary, brought up on the land, he could bring to India a deep and abiding sympathy with her land-loving peoples, and he can truly say that:

> In my time, I have done what I could, according to my lights, to serve the interests of the peoples of India, and particularly of the dumb masses who, in the tumult and the shouting of politics are the least likely to get a hearing.

In these words are to be found the key-note of his excellent book, directed to draw attention to the "wants and wishes" of these "dumb masses," which have been betrayed with grave results.

The early chapters dealing with family history and home life, and the pictures of the Ireland of last century and of this, touched with the Irish humour which served Sir Michael well during a long period of trial, make a charming introduction to his public career, which they help to explain. The descendant of one of the clans, recorded in 1515 as constituting the king's "Irish enemies," was to prove the stout defender of the King's Government in India.

In a country so vast and so different in racial and political conditions, the career of a civil servant may or may not qualify him for a great charge, and in making selections, the vital question of previous experience has sometimes been insufficiently regarded; but, in Sir Michael's case, the advantages of his early life were supplemented by a succession of posts exactly calculated to fit him for high office. Beginning in 1885 in the Punjab, which he was destined to rule, he received the best possible training, and he gives a most interesting account

* ("India as I Knew It." By Sir Michael F. O'Dwyer, G.C.I.E., K.C.S.I. Constable & Co. 18s. net.)

of the life of the sturdy peasantry of this key province, where the great irrigation works were already creating new political and economic problems. In 1895, he used his long leave for a tour, which included Egypt, Greece, Turkey and Hungary, followed by nine instructive months in Russia and a visit to Central Asia, ending at Tiflis. Here he met General Alikanoff, the author of the now forgotten "Penjdeh incident" in 1885, who told him the story, significantly adding:

> On that day the British prestige in Asia suffered not a little.

The General, who showed much interest in the Indian administration, candidly admitted the existence of an outstanding evil in that of Russia:

> They give us a splendid uniform, high office, wide powers, and the pay of a coolie. Is it a wonder if many of us take bribes? I myself am not innocent.

From 1897 to 1901 the author was commissioner appointed to deal with the land-revenue settlements in Rajputana—an experience of first-class value, as he lucidly explains. Then came Lord Curzon's creation out of the Punjab of the North-West Frontier Province, and for six and a half years he was in close contact with the "tribal aristocracy" and the complex questions of the troubled borderland. As he writes:

> An hour's talk with a few frontier Khans gave a clearer vision of the realities of Indian life and administration than a day's listening to the platitudes of down-country orators in the Assembly.

This vision was, unfortunately, unattainable by the headstrong reformers, who listened only to the outpourings of a part-denationalized *intelligentsia*, the product of an ill-conceived system of literary education.

As Resident at Hyderabad, with a much-needed interlude of hunting in Ireland, Sir Michael was able to study the working of the greatest Indian State, and to establish happy relations with the late Nizam, whom he describes as

> a true and honourable gentleman, slow to make a promise or a decision; but, once made, unflinching in adhering to it.

This is a well-deserved tribute to the chief who worthily bore the proud title of "faithful Ally of the British Government." The Nizam's remarkable forecast of the performances of the Committee of Union and

Progress, which, like the Kerensky revolution, was hysterically acclaimed by Liberal politicians, is typical of his shrewd Conservatism.

> Those people will begin by ruining the Sultan; then they will ruin Turkey; and they may end—God forbid—by injuring Islam.

The Nizam, in common with our own admirers of the Committee, may not have known that its leaders were mainly non-Turks; but his words were strangely prophetic, and it fell to his son to grant a liberal allowance to the last Khalifa. The Khilafat Party, dupes of the Ali brothers, who affected to champion the temporal power of the Sultan in order to make trouble for the Government in India, may now have discovered that the Young Turks, under alien inspiration, were willing to deal a deadly blow to Islam.

Three years followed as agent to the Governor-General in Central India, where the experience of Hyderabad was broadened by the control of 114 native States, then temporarily under British administration, and covering an area of over 100,000 square miles. For attaining a full understanding of the real life of India, no post could have afforded finer opportunities, and the chapter dealing with this period is full of vivid interest. One result of the reforms of 1919 was a change in the relations between the Government and the native States, which is already bearing evil fruit. As the author points out, the new policy

> was evolved without any reference to or consultation with the local Governments, who were the political authorities for many of the native States.

It was devised with the idea of propitiating the princes and chiefs, who, naturally, viewed the sudden enforcement of democratic principles upon the most aristocratic peoples in the world, with alarm. I agree entirely with the view that:

> Some relaxation of control, especially in the case of many large States, with well-organized systems of administration and efficient agencies to work it, was certainly desirable.

It was, however, easy to make the necessary changes without resorting to

> a party measure of political expediency to secure the support of the Indian princes for the Reforms Scheme in British India.

When I was at Simla in 1912, the Viceroy showed me

three names of possible Lieut.-Governors of the Punjab, and asked my opinion. My emphatic reply may have served to re-enforce a most wise decision already taken. In May, 1913, just after I left India, Sir Michael entered on the crowning period of his career.

The chapters dealing with "the Punjab before and after the War," the various secret conspiracies, the wonderful "War effort of the Punjab," and the great rebellion of 1919, form an essential contribution to the history of India and of the Empire during most critical years. Here the whole course of events and the series of blunders, which, with German and Bolshevik assistance, have brought India far along the road towards disintegration, are traced with an unerring hand. The new Lieut.-Governor was at once brought face to face with the Pan-Islamic movement, out of which developed the elaborate "Silk Letter" conspiracy, originating in Kabul, and followed by the dangerous Ghadr plot, intended to be carried out by Sikhs returning from the Pacific and the Far East. The Germans were at the back of these conspiracies, and the Sikh rebels had been made aware of the coming war. Of all this and much more, the British public knows nothing; but every one can now read a full account of the proceedings and of the steps taken to defeat them, rendered more difficult when Mr. Montagu set about creating atmospheres. The Punjab provided about 100,000 men for the Indian Army before the war, increased to half a million before the armistice. This was a splendid record, and Sir M. O'Dwyer explains the organization for recruiting and the reasons for the loyal response of the fighting races to the appeal of the King Emperor. By 1916, the Government of India, and even the Commander-in-Chief, were busied in deliberating on political reforms. Not till February, 1917, was the civil administration brought into direct association with the military authorities, and as the author naturally remarks:

> I could not help thinking that Constitution-making could well stand over till it was clear whether, at the end of the war, this would still be a British India.

German inspiration, forecasted by Bernhardi, induced the Indian politicians to grasp the opportunities which

the war offered for extorting concessions for themselves. In September, 1916, Mrs. Besant started her Home Rule League, uniting the jarring elements in the National Congress, which, in my time, had indulged in personal combat at Surat. Mr. Montagu, who had previously found favour in the eyes of the enemies of the Government by some ill-founded criticisms of the Indian administration, signalized his accession to office by a portentous declaration of policy, in reply to a question in the House of Commons on August 20, 1917. If it was desirable, when the Empire was fighting for its life, to make an announcement affecting the future of 320,000,000 of people, it should have been made by the King Emperor. Even the wording was unfortunate :

> "Responsible Government" has no meaning to the Indian peoples, no equivalent in any Indian vernacular; while the reference to "self-governing institutions," in so far as it was understood by the masses at all, was taken to mean that Britain was weary of rule, and was withdrawing from her responsibilities before they were even half discharged. To the peaceful, loyal, and non-political masses the message made no appeal; from them it evoked no response.

It was, in fact, addressed to a little body of "politically-minded" Indians, who, as stated in the impressive evidence given by Mr. Sarvi, a Mahratta representative in the Bombay Legislature, before the Lee Commission, were

> entirely self-interested and obstructed the efforts of the backward to advance themselves.

And he significantly added that

> The Government usually has identical interests with the masses ;

which every one who has held high office in India will confirm.

The spectacular tour of the Viceroy and Secretary of State through the great cities of India followed, and produced the notorious Joint Report, which laid the foundations of the reforms on the crazy principle of diarchy. The inventor, Mr. Lionel Curtis, seems to have infected the India Office before proceeding to India to address his "Open Letters to the People of India," usurping a function previously appertaining to the Sovereign. The Indian politicians, at first inclined to resent Mr. Curtis's intrusion, were quick to see that his scheme, which they have since vigorously attacked, might serve their purpose.

In January, 1919, "for the first time," the provincial governments were given the opportunity of expressing an opinion, and the "Majority Scheme," of which the British public heard nothing, embodied a sane and wise alternative to the hare-brained diarchical project. Two heads of provinces alone dissented, but only because they thought the Montagu plans had gone so far that to change them would be regarded as a breach of faith. This, of course, was intended, and the piloting of the Bill through the Joint Select Committee by Mr. Montagu and Lord Sinha, with the assistance of Sir James (now Lord) Meston, was a triumph of political engineering, the result being to render the Act more subversive of British authority than originally intended. Mrs. Besant and a variety of Indian politicians gave evidence at length; but the most important classes in India were never heard, and I protested strongly against their exclusion.

The Punjab rural classes, directly realizing how their interests were threatened, but having neither funds nor organization, nor influence with the authorities, asked for the assistance of Government to send a deputation to represent their case to the India Office and Parliament. The request was curtly refused.

The chapter on the "Punjab Rebellion of 1919" should be read carefully by every one who desires to know the truth about this tragedy. The Government of India, quickly brought face to face with a better planned, more widely spread and more dangerous movement than the Great Mutiny, was naturally alarmed, and proceeded to enjoin "drastic action," and to extend "the fullest assurance of countenance and support" to "all the servants of Government" employed in restoring order. Very wisely Sir Michael O'Dwyer asked that the civil authorities should be associated with the military; but the Government of India declined this proposal, and afterwards forgot that it had been made. After murderous outbreaks had occurred in many places far apart, General Dyer's stern action at Amritsar effectually broke what the Government of India had characterized as "open rebellion" happily before the Afghan invasion, intended to be coincident, had time to develop. If the rebellion had not then been ended, and if the railways to the frontier had been cut, as was planned, there might have been a disaster of the first magnitude.

The heated political controversy in which these proceedings became involved, and the abounding falsehoods which obtained currency have obscured the facts which Sir Michael O'Dwyer has now made clear as daylight. Much relieved, the Government of India proceeded to promote General Dyer; but in place of holding an immediate enquiry into all the circumstances, months elapsed before the ill-constructed Hunter Commission, which contained no member with any experience in administration, or of the Punjab, began its irregular operations. This amazing body neglected to take essential evidence as to the ramifications of the rebellion, published incorrect evidence, and in place of inquiring only into facts, permitted witnesses to be treated as if they were criminals at the bar. Intimidation was widely resorted to, and the general result was that the outstanding lessons of the rebellion were effectually obscured in the report. General Dyer's action saved tens of thousands of Indian and European lives. For the second time, a small group of men in the Punjab, among whom Sir Michael O'Dwyer was foremost, saved India. What followed, when Mr. Montagu was busied in ordering amnesties and in granting concessions and rewards to the open enemies of Government, is admirably described in the painful chapter "Thrown to the Wolves," which explains the punitive measures directed by the Secretary of State against the men who had upheld the authority of Government at a time of peril. Even the most obvious lessons of the "open rebellion" were not learned, and the Moplah rising in 1921, for which the inaction of the Government was wholly responsible, cost at least 10,000 lives, and entailed military operations lasting nearly a year. As Sir M. O'Dwyer writes:

> I had no sooner left India than a violent agitation, enforced by every form of calumny and misrepresentation, was set on foot in India, and in England, to vilify all those who had helped to crush the rebellion.

His strenuous efforts to secure justice to the civil and military officers, who had been the objects of Mr. Montagu's resentment, were persistently thwarted, and it was left to a British court of law, where, for the first time sworn evidence was available, to make tardy reparation to him and his colleagues, whose careers in many cases

had been blighted. It was, therefore, essential, on historical grounds, to give a detailed account of the proceedings in the long trial which caused a fearless judge to declare that General Dyer "was wrongly punished by the Secretary of State for India." The jury, with one dissentient, returned a verdict which finally disposed of the shameful attacks on Sir M. O'Dwyer and his officers. As an Indian extremist paper commented:

> Sir Michael O'Dwyer thus stands vindicated before the bar of public opinion in England. He has had justice at last at the hands of a British jury.

A great part of the Press had been committed to hostility to General Dyer, and it may be doubted if the implications of this important trial have sufficiently impressed "public opinion in England." Quite characteristically Lord Olivier attacked Mr. Justice McCardie for the censure on the India Office, which he felt it his duty on the evidence before him to express, the defendant's counsel having insisted on raising the Amritsar issue.

After explaining the consequences of the reforms and the great increase in racial antagonisms, leading to riots and bloodshed, which they have naturally entailed, the author turns to the vital question: "Is India a 'Lost Dominion'?" After surveying "The men that count" in India, and the tremendous forces which, submerged while India was ruled, will assert themselves if we abandon our greatest charge, his answer is: "No"—but on conditions:

> The King Emperor's Government will go on with the support and goodwill of 99 per cent. of the Indian population, *as long as it is based on a clear policy of fulfilling our responsibilities in India, and as long as we have agents there capable of discharging those responsibilities* (my italics).

In other words, the fate of India turns upon domestic politics, and as Mrs. Besant has triumphantly announced, the "Labour" Party is committed to Home Rule, which would quickly involve reversion to the blood-stained chaos from which we rescued our great dependency. Any remaining hope of law and order and of equal justice to at least 318 millions of heterogeneous Asiatics, who have not the smallest sympathy with Mr. Montagu's reforms, must depend upon a Conservative Government.

There is no time to be lost. Already the "agents" on whom we depend for the discharge of our sacred responsibilities to the dumb masses—the great British public services—are rapidly withering away; already our authority has been shaken to its foundations, and we affect to govern by spasmodic certifications or such ukases as Lord Reading was recently driven by the shocking state of Bengal to enforce. And already it is believed by the enemies of our rule and their allies that we can be frightened into any concessions supported by sufficient agitation. Have the painful lessons of Ireland and the far more terrible lessons of India been learned? Does the British democracy begin to understand whither we are drifting, the betrayal of the helpless masses in the name of "self-determination," and the irreparable blow to the Empire which the loss of India would entail. Everything that has happened was plainly foretold, and every warning was ignored. At a time when the existence of our nation was at stake, Parliament was cajoled into conferring great powers on the hereditary oppressors of the Indian peoples, destroying the authority of the Raj, and putting nothing in its place. Can this fatal step be retraced in the light of the bitter experience which Sir Michael O'Dwyer has placed on record? All who know and love India will hope that his vision of the restoration of order and contentment to her peoples may be realized. His most notable book should go far to remove the crass ignorance, and to dispel the clouds of falsehood which have darkened counsel and brought India to the verge of the abyss. The old question whether a democracy can direct the destinies of an Empire will soon be settled, and for ever.

Is Einstein Wrong?

By Professor Dmetrius Gavronsky

(*Berne University*)

SOME forty years ago, physical science, pressing victoriously forward, ran up against a fact which seemed to contradict bluntly all the accepted principles of the theory of motion, and which completely and unequivocally upset all previous calculations. This naturally created the greatest astonishment and consternation. The student of physics found himself suddenly placed in the same situation as some investigator confronted with the following conditions. Let it be presumed that the investigator is standing on a country road which is straight as an arrow, and he ascertains that an aeroplane is flying above the road at the rate of 100 kilometres an hour; at the same time he ascertains that an automobile is travelling along the road at the rate of 50 kilometres an hour in the same direction as the aeroplane. Now our investigator has absolutely no doubt that from the point of view of the automobile, the aeroplane is only flying at half its speed, that is to say, at 50 kilometres the hour. How amazed and perplexed he would be if he were to learn from those seated in the car that they had made very exact calculations and found that the aeroplane was travelling at precisely the same speed of 100 kilometres an hour in regard to them also.

The student of natural science was equally surprised when it became known that the Michelson experiment yielded a negative result. The experiment was based on the following considerations: The speed of light in a vacuum maintains the same constant value, quite irrespective of whether there is any movement or not in the source from which the rays of light proceed, and of the direction in which, and the rate at which, such movement takes place. I shall speak presently of the way in which this remarkable peculiarity of rays of light may be represented, but for the moment we want to realize the following statements. Rays of light are

moving in a definite direction at their own proper rate of velocity C, and a certain body, e.g. our earth, is moving in the same direction with a velocity V, so it should appear absolutely certain and necessary, that in respect to this body the velocity of the rays of light must be as C-V.

Now, the experiment of Michelson has shown that the velocity of light yields identically the same value, namely, C, in respect to the earth: just as in our example, the velocity of the aeroplane in respect to the automobile is the same as in respect to the road. Is this remarkable property of light due to the fact that the velocity of the rays of light is independent of any movement of the source from which they proceed? At first glance this property of light certainly appears to contradict the most elementary laws of the theory of motion: for if we fire, say, a cannon from a ship in motion, in the direction in which the ship is moving, and we know that the initial velocity of the ball on leaving the cannon is 1,000 metres per second, while the ship is moving at the rate of 15 metres per second, then we have no doubt at all that the ball is set in motion at a velocity of 1,000 plus 15 metres the second; thus the actual motion of the cannon has a distinct influence on the motion of the ball. How comes it, then, that it is not so in the case of light?

This peculiarity of light is not, however, as such an infraction of the laws of mechanics. Light is by no means the only process in Nature which enjoys this peculiarity, for the transmission of sound possesses it in exactly the same degree. Let us suppose that we are in a room, in which the air is in a state of complete rest, and which is, at the same time, hermetically sealed against any air from without. Inside this room let us set in motion a tiny, but loud-sounding, bell, taking care not to cause any great disturbance to the stillness of the air by this movement. Then the sound will spread throughout the room in every direction at a constant rate of speed, quite independent of the direction in which, and the rate at which, the bell is moved. Thus the velocity of sound is also independent of any movement in the source of the sound. Why? Since sound is a process

which takes place in the air and is borne by the air, when the air is made to vibrate at some particular spot, these vibrations spread in every direction, and the velocity at which this takes place depends wholly and solely on the constitution of the air, and is altogether independent of any motion of the body which has given forth the sound.

Similarly with light, a distinct medium, æther, is generally assumed as the special agent in its transmission: if that is so, then the speed of light also is equally an affair of the æther, on which it is dependent, and it is quite unaffected by any motion of the source which emits the light. Thus this property of light appears to be quite in accordance with the laws of Nature. Does it offer also an explanation of the result of the Michelson experiment? We shall see later on how simply and convincingly it does so; but at present we want to look more closely at the way which Einstein pursued in the solution of our problem.

Einstein started from the following consideration. In order to determine the velocity of the flying aeroplane, both the experimenter on the country road and the people sitting in the motor-car must make use of very definite units of time and length; they must, as it were, operate with the ideas of a second and of a metre as with unequivocal and fixed quantities, for otherwise they are unable to deal with any measurements whatever. Now, are these units of time and length really so fixed and unequivocal? Are they really the same for the experimenter on the road and for the people in the motor-car? We want to regard the country road as an undisturbed reference system, i.e. as a system at rest and the motor-car as a system in motion: and now we put this question: Does the transition from one system to another really have no effect at all on the measurement of the units of time and length? Are these units absolute? Are they independent of the reference system within which they become applicable? or are they relative? Are they conditioned by the particular reference system in question, as only within such a system do they attain quite a definite sense? Einstein was the first to put this question to himself, and he gave a very precise answer, but one which at

the same time seriously upset all our physical conceptions of time and of length in space, namely: that the units of time and length are relative, that they are conditioned by the state of motion of the system in which they become applicable. This relativity of the conception of time and its relation to each particular system of motion, Einstein demonstrated originally by his analysis of the conception of synchronism.

In order to understand Einstein's train of thought as quickly as possible, let the reader imagine himself to be in the centre of a very long room, in which two clocks have been placed at equal distances from this centre: how can he make sure that these two clocks indicate the same time, that is, whether they are synchronous or not? By the help of a very simple optical apparatus he can contrive to see the two clocks at the same time, and now if he reads on these two clocks the same time at the same moment, say 12 o'clock, he must regard these clocks as synchronous. Now, let us assume our room to have a uniform motion in a straight line, and that the direction of its movement coincides with a line joining the two clocks. Then it is at once evident, that if our two clocks are synchronous to an observer who is in the centre between them and shares their movement, then they cannot possibly be synchronous to another observer, in reference to whom the first observer and the two clocks are in a state of uniform movement in a straight line. For, from the standpoint of that second observer, a light-signal emitted from the clock in front must reach the observer stationed in the centre more quickly than a ray emitted from the clock behind, this last light-signal has indeed to overtake the first observer, while in like manner he goes to meet the light-signal from the clock in front. Further, if the two clocks indicate the same time to the observer in the centre between them, then to the second observer who does not share the movement of the room, the following is obvious:—the clock in front is losing, the clock behind is on the contrary gaining, therefore the light-signal leaves the front clock somewhat later than the clock behind, and only so does it become possible for both the light-signal to reach the first observer at

the same time, although the light-signal from the front clock requires a shorter time in order to cover the ground between the clock and the centre of the room than the light-signal from the clock.

These considerations lead to the following conclusion: Synchronism is a relative conception; two clocks, which are in a definite reference system and from the standpoint of this system are synchronous, are not synchronous when observed from another system, in reference to which they are carrying out a uniform movement in a straight line. It follows further that the length-measurement of a body is also something relative, that this measurement must be dependent upon, and be conditioned by that reference system in which it is carried out. The best way to make this clear is to take an illustration. Suppose for a moment, however difficult it is to do, that all Switzerland is one great plain, and that a rod, several kilometres long is moving over it at a certain distance from its surface: the problem is to measure from the earth the length of this rod. The only way by which to effect this measurement would be to mark on the earth at a certain moment the two points which at that moment were exactly underneath the two ends of the moving rod, and then to measure the distance between these two points. Suppose that the rod is moving, say, in the direction from Thun to Berne, and that its length is about equal to the distance between these two towns. Now, let us station a row of observers at Berne and Thun, each with a watch, who are to mark the positions of the two ends of the moving rod punctually at twelve o'clock. For this purpose it is absolutely necessary for the watches of these observers to be precisely synchronous; for, suppose for a moment that the watch of the observer, who is to observe the front end of the moving rod at Berne, is fast, then the position of the front end of the moving rod would be marked sooner than that of the back end and thus the measurement would make the rod shorter than it really is. Now our previous reflections led us to the result that the synchronism of two watches, which are at a certain distance from each other, is a relative conception, so that, if the watches at Berne and Thun are synchronous

for an observer who is in a state of rest opposite them, they are not synchronous for an observer in relation to whom they are in motion. We will therefore assume that there is an observer on our moving rod, then for this observer the watches at Berne and Thun are not at all synchronous, but the watch in Berne is for him fast, the one in Thun is slow. (The reason why this is so and not the other way about, we shall show later on.) So he sees quite clearly, how the rod with which he is moving, is being measured by the observers on the earth as shorter than it is, for the front end of the rod is marked sooner than the back end.

Now, after Einstein had recognized the relativity of time—and length—measures, i.e. their dependence on one or another reference-system, he asked himself, whether perhaps this relativity is the reason why (to use our former illustration) the people seated in the motor-car ascribed exactly the same velocity to the flying aeroplane as the observers on the country road, and whether the explanations of the negative result of the Michelson experiment may not lie therein. In fact, assuming a movement of the earth in reference to the æther, then the units of time and length on the earth must necessarily be other than those in the reference-system of the æther. The velocity of light is measured on the earth by these other units of time and length, and that is precisely the reason why we get exactly the same rate for this velocity in reference to the earth as in reference to the æther. Of course, this reflection contains much more than just the solution of our problem, for we can now give an answer to this further question also, namely, how exactly do the units of time and length of a certain system stand to the units of time and length of another system, which is, in reference to the first, in a state of uniform motion in a straight line? The relation between these units must be such as to give exactly the same value for the velocity of light in relation to the earth as in relation to the æther. And also *vice versâ*, the constancy of the velocity of light being regarded as assured in relation to all systems which move along a straight line at a uniform rate towards and past each other, then it is possible to determine the relation of the

units of time and length of the different systems to each other. That constancy of the velocity of light finds its mathematical expression in the following formulæ: $x^2+y^2+z^2-ct^2=x_1^2+y_1^2+z_1^2-ct_1^2$, whereof x, y, z, are the three spatial measures and t the measure of time of the one system, and x_1, y_1, z_1, t_1, the corresponding measures of the other. Hence we are presented with a simple mathematical problem, which may be thus expressed: in what proportion must the units of time and of length of the one system stand to the units of time and of length of the other system, in order that the above formulæ may hold good? And this is the answer: the proportion of the units of time t_r and t_b (i.e. the units of the system at rest and of that in motion) is—$t_r\sqrt{1-\frac{v^2}{c^2}}=t_b$; and the proportion of the units of length 1_r and 1_b is—$1_r\sqrt{1-\frac{v^2}{c^2}}=1_b$, where V represents the velocity with which the two systems move in reference to each other, and C, as already above, the velocity of light.

King Alfonso and the Parliamentary System

By Charles Petrie

"THE great problem of to-day is to know if the Parliamentary system is capable of defending the existing order against the Soviet spirit."—King Alfonso XIII.

It is rare in the twentieth century for the head of a great nation, whether he be hereditary or elected, to give expression to his real views upon current affairs, and for that reason—if for no other—the interview with His Majesty the King of Spain recently published in "Paris-Midi" must be of interest. King Alfonso has proved by his conduct during the difficult years of his country's neutrality in the War—and more recently since the establishment of the Military Directory—that he is no novice in statecraft, and in consequence his opinions upon the future of Parliamentary institutions are of more than usual importance. Spain has followed the lead of Italy in attaching greater value to efficient administration than to democratic government, and it is no exaggeration to say that the result of these experiments will profoundly affect the future of modern civilization.

Two main trains of thought can be distinguished in the King's remarks—that political democracy is inefficient in administration and that it unduly curtails the liberty of the individual to live his own life in his own way so long as he does not thereby prevent his neighbours from doing the same.

In connection with the former aspect of the question His Majesty's exact words are:

"If Parliament is re-opened one will again see the old parties which led the country to disaster recommence their squabbles and renew their vapourings at the point where General Primo broke them off. Everything would begin as before and the work of twenty months would

be destroyed . . . There are five or six thousand politicians in Spain. Believe me, there are no more. For them the Parliamentary system is an ideal which must not be touched. On the other hand, there are twenty million Spaniards who are completely indifferent to political manœuvres and who only ask for security in which to work, and safety for their possessions. Is it right to sacrifice twenty millions of people to please six thousand individuals?"

These statements make it quite clear that His Majesty is in sympathy with that reaction against the Parliamentary system which set in throughout Europe as soon as it became obvious that the old machinery of administration was unfitted to cope with the problems to which the War had given birth, complicated as they are by incessant Communist intrigues. First Italy and then Spain abandoned the old system, and all who are at all acquainted with either country will acknowledge that whatever criticism may be made by the inhabitants of Signor Mussolini or of General Primo de Rivera it is rare indeed to hear of any desire for a return to the *ancien régime*, at any rate outside the ranks of the old politicians. King Alfonso's remarks are curiously enough, a strange echo of a long-forgotten proclamation of Prince Charles Edward in Edinburgh on the eve of the march to Derby:—

"That our family has suffered exile during these fifty-seven years, everybody knows. Has the nation, during that period of time, been the more happy or flourishing for it? . . . If I am answered in the affirmative, why has their (i.e. that of the Electors of Hanover) government been so often railed at in all your public assemblies? Why has the nation been so long crying out in vain for redress against the abuse of parliaments, upon account of their long duration, the multitude of placemen which occasions their venality, the introduction of penal laws, and, in general, against the miserable situation of the kingdom at home and abroad?"

Mutatis mutandis, Europe is asking these very same questions to-day.

Whatever may be the situation elsewhere, King Alfonso was undoubtedly expressing the views of the

vast majority of his subjects in his interview with the representatives of "Paris-Midi." Parliamentary government has never had any real root in Spain, although for a time men of the distinction of Srs. Sagasta and Cánovas del Castillo might attach a certain glamour to it. Its strength lay in the patronage exercised by the "cacique" or local "boss," and, now that the establishment of the Military Directory has deprived him of his power, its very existence is rapidly being forgotten. Spain prospered greatly during the war owing to the circumstances in which fortune had placed her, but even at that time thinkers such as Professor Perez-Bueno, of the University of Madrid, were foretelling the arrival of the Directory, and the vacillation of successive governments in face of the Communist outrages in Barcelona proved that under the old system the future of the country would be black indeed. In effect, the Spanish Parliamentary machine broke down and the nation—perhaps the most realist in Europe—replaced it by another, which, if not ideal, has at any rate secured internal peace and progress and seems in a fair way to settle the question of Morocco, which every previous administration had signally failed to accomplish.

King Alfonso's observations are the more interesting in view of the publication by the Conde de Romanones last October of "Las Responsabilidades del Antiguo Regimen," which was little more than an elaborate "apologia" for the Spanish Parliamentary system, or, as the "A.B.C." wittily described it in view of the author's career, "a species of autobiography." Briefly, it may be summarized as an attempt to ascribe all the virtues of Spain to the politicians and all her shortcomings to national characteristics with which her statesmen have vainly struggled since the restoration of the Bourbon dynasty. To anyone who knows the country it is unconvincing in spite of the obvious sincerity with which it is written, and of the two authorities King Alfonso is undoubtedly more reliable as a guide to popular opinion than his late Prime Minister. No one, least of all General Primo de Rivera, pretends that the Military Directory fulfils Aristotle's ideal of the perfect government, but whatever the future may hold in store for Spain a return

to the old Parliamentary régime need not be taken into serious consideration.

It is of course by its deeds that the Directory must be judged and although it has only been in power since September, 1923, King Alfonso is more than justified in making so strong an appeal on its behalf, both in respect of home and foreign affairs.

The prosperity which Spain enjoyed during the latter part of the war was, as has been said, very largely fortuitous, and during the five years which elapsed between the signing of the Armistice and the military *coup d'état* much of it was dissipated owing to the industrial disorder and repeated acts of sabotage, which successive governments completely failed to suppress. It is quite true to say, as the Marqués de Lema claimed in his address at Cambridge a few years ago, that the Parliamentary régime established at the restoration of King Alfonso XII gradually deprived both Carlism and Republicanism of all effective power, but it also proved itself quite incapable when confronted with the infinitely greater peril of international Communism. Don Antonio Maura shot the agitator Ferrer in 1909, but his successors did nothing, and as King Alfonso rightly says no employer of labour knew what impossible demand the morning might bring. The great city of Barcelona was at the mercy of a few terrorists and the Parliamentary system had signally displayed its inability "to defend the existing order against the Soviet spirit." Large areas of Spain were well on the road which led Russia to her doom when the Directory restored a feeling of security to employer and workmen alike. If the Cortes were reopened in its old form, "We should," says the King, "fall once more into the anarchy from which we have made so vigorous an effort for two years to escape."

The paralysis with which so many governments have been afflicted since the war did not spare that of Spain, although its effects might not have been so noticeable as elsewhere, since Spain is a country which calls for efficient administration rather than strong government. Yet the change which has taken place within the last eighteen months has shown what possibilities there really were. It is not so much that public works are being undertaken

on all sides or that the public services are being far more efficiently conducted, but rather that there is a new spirit of optimism abroad in the land—a spirit in many ways similar to that of Fascist Italy—which is once more causing the Spaniard to feel that he is a citizen of no mean country. Spain looks to her king not to be a Philip II, but rather a Charles III.

Abroad practically the whole attention of the Directory has been directed towards the Moroccan problem and few will deny that its triumph has been complete. It required no ordinary courage, let alone military skill, on the part of General Primo de Rivera to evacuate a large area of the Spanish Protectorate before the eyes of a mocking Europe. The statesmen of the old régime had been responsible for General Silvestre's disaster in 1921, and in withdrawing from an impossible situation, the Directory gave signal proof of its appreciation of the real interests of Spain: it may be called the policy of Sancho Panza, but if so, it must not be forgotten that it was the ideas of Don Quixote that sent King Sebastian of Portugal—as well as General Silvestre—to his doom in the same country, and if General Primo de Rivera has sinned in giving up territory once in his country's possession, he has done so in the distinguished company of the Emperor Hadrian, who thereby secured for the Roman Empire another two hundred years of life.

If the efficient administration and a courageous foreign policy are among the blessings which the Military Directory has conferred upon Spain, the safeguarding of individual liberty is no less important. To an Englishman, so long subjected to a hundred petty restrictions imposed upon his movements, either by successive governments or by the trade unions, that freedom, save in name, is almost forgotten, the words of King Alfonso may indeed sound strange:—

"One thing alone has been changed since the Directory—a man can walk about with money in his pocket without running the risk of being knocked on the head: there are no more strikes, our factories are working, and our employers are not visited every morning by their workmen, revolver in hand, either to murder them or to force them to do their bidding." His Majesty then goes on to com-

pare the liberty enjoyed by the Spaniard in his daily life with the restrictions existing in London and New York, and concludes by expressing his firm conviction that it is preferable to live under a Military Directory where one can arrange one's life as one likes, than under a Parliamentary government where one most emphatically cannot.

Individual liberty has for so long been claimed as the peculiar attribute of democracy, that to many it will seem little short of blasphemy to argue that it is safer under any other form of government, yet history proves such to be the case. It was the continual interference of the Puritans in the daily life of the ordinary citizen that caused him to welcome home Charles II with such extravagant joy, and no one who knew anything of pre-revolutionary Russia would deny that there was infinitely more liberty under the Tsars than there has been under the Soviets. To-day the democratically-governed Englishman is hampered at every turn, both in his work and his play, by restrictions from which not only the so-called "victims" of Signor Mussolini and General Primo de Rivera are free, but from which even his own ancestors under the "despotism" of James II were happily exempt, and in the United States a similar policy has brought law itself into a contempt which it is impossible to condemn.

The most prominent characteristic of the Spaniard of every class is his individualism, as all who have seen the efforts of the police to regulate the traffic in the Calle de Alcalá will readily admit. Yet if in some ways this quality is a disadvantage, it is also capable of being converted into an enormous asset. America was not conquered under the direction of any Spanish Government, but by a number of individuals, generally neglected and sometimes even put to death by the home authorities, in exactly the same way as the British Empire has been built up. Just as the pace of a convoy must necessarily be that of the slowest ship, so does democracy, as Nietzsche pointed out half-a-century ago, inevitably reduce civilization to a dead level of uniform mediocrity, and against such a state of affairs the most deeply-rooted instinct of the Spaniard rebels. He is freer to-day under

the Military Directory than an Englishman under a Parliament elected by universal suffrage, and like his king he sees no reason why he should revert to a system which appears to have outlived whatever usefulness it may once have possessed.

It will thus be seen that in every respect King Alfonso has more than enough justification for what has been described as his lock-out of the politicians. How far his criticism of Parliamentary government is universally applicable is a more controversial question; yet it cannot be denied that in nearly every country in Europe the old machine, so dear to that nineteenth century which now seems an æon ago, is breaking down. Time alone can show what will replace it, but Spain and Italy at any rate, are definitely groping after a new system better suited to their needs, and of this new determination King Alfonso is the spokesman. "The only monarch left," as a recent writer has described him, "who says what he thinks, and does what he holds best for his country."

Knaresborough

By Halliwell Sutcliffe

PART of the delight in one's own dale lies in knowledge of the further lands that neighbour it, and to-day fancy beckons one away indefinitely into tale and legend clustering thick about old Nidderdale, lying deep out of sight as one stands here on Greenhow. Close at hand is the Blubberhouses Road that leads to Harrogate. They spelled it Harrowgate once, when belles and bucks of the Regency played the splendid fool there, and had their little day. Ghosts of that bygone frippery and pompous ease roam still through the town's prosperous streets, as they haunt the Pantiles down yonder in the south at Tunbridge Wells.

Story crowds on story, too, as one remembers doings that happened Dacre way, far down there in the valley—and at Ripley Castle, where Cromwell quartered himself for the night after Marston Moor, and Lady Ingilby, racked with terror lest her lord had died in that grim battle, held her visitor at bay.

Through the long night she sat vigilant on one side of the table, Cromwell on the other. And in her hand she held a pistol, primed and ready.

"Is this your hospitality?" he asked.

"It would be my husband's sort, if he were here," said Lady Ingilby.

And so the long watch went on. A great painter has given us the scene, limned with reticence and eager strength.

Still further afield lies the country of the Scroopes. Some time when the Middle Ages were paradoxically in the flush of youth, there was a fighting archbishop of the race, who knew how to don armour of both kinds. Since then the race has survived to carry on a tradition English to the core. They may be impoverished these days, for aught I know, like most of their class, but never poor in honour and renown. The softest whisper of their name is stirring music.

Yonder lies the country of a romance built, not on costume and "by-my-halidoms," but on the simple deeds of gentlemen who wore at heart the Yorkshire Rose. And Greenhow, here on the stark uplands, knows them and approves. Each of our striding dales has its own music, but their voices ring in true chorus—a choir that chants old strength and chivalry up the brave northern hills.

Perhaps in no other place than Greenhow, astride the barren heights, can you see Knaresborough, the capital of Nidderdale, in true proportion. All your knowledge of that river-girdled town, all your old-time love, seem to gather vision as memory roves from these grim highlands in search of contrast. She lies below that bluff of limestone, pushing grey into the amber-blue—lies far-off, but close to the heart that sees.

Knaresborough, among the Dales market-towns, has a place all her own. In situation and character she is like some pleasant foreigner come to settle in the north. Her colours are not made up of greys and lichen-greens—as Skipton's is, and Settle's, and many another town's. Its roofs give the place a subtle air of warmth and well-being. Tiles, red on a far-off day, have mellowed into shades of mulberry and brown and ochre. Right up its steep hill the town goes, and these happy roofs, tier on tier, show themselves to the sunlight with mellow grace. There's no other country town or village in the Dales that can wear red roofs without offence to the whole scheme of nature.

Nidd River, brown and tranquil, washes Knaresborough's feet. The blue-skied hill lands crown its head. And between the river and the heights is packed a wonderland of story. Like grey Skipton, the town shoulders away the hurry and encroaching din of life; for it, too, is loyal to its stalwart memories.

The cliff rises sheer from Nidd. Houses have been carved out of its solid rock, round about St. Robert's Cave—houses that go up, a room at a time, till the journey through them begins somewhere near the river, and ends at the door opening on the fields above.

St. Robert's Cave alone holds in its little compass the story of all that was best in the Vision Splendid that ran through the Middle Ages.

St. Robert himself had been in many wars. A fighter to the marrow, he had known the heady tumult of blow for blow—known the salt sting of wounds, the lying-by times when women's eyes were kind—and he strained at the leash of sickness, eager to be free again for battle.

And suddenly a voice whispered at his ear, and he heard, but would not "harken" yet. Peace was about the land once more—but who could know how soon there would be war again, and he be needed for the forefront of the strife? In his heart, too, he loved his mastery of sword and horsemanship—loved battle as the breath of life.

The voice persisted, till at last its call was overmastering. St. Robert put aside his knightly trappings, toiled painfully in the little cave high up the rocks till he had made a cell of it, just big enough to live in. He carved out, too, an altar-niche and a bed of stone on which to sleep; and as the years went on the fame of his quiet holiness spread abroad. The poor came to him for healing of their sores—whether body or spirit chanced to be afflicted—and he was tireless in their service.

To go alone to-day into that bare cell is to be caught up in a flame of understanding. No splendour of ritual passed down the centuries, no pealing of organ notes in dim cathedrals, can be as eloquent as St. Robert's Cave. The stone bed, the stone altar-niche, the silence broken only by the lap, lap of Nidd River, are choired about by minstrels from behind the slender Veil. One knows that the candles constantly alight on that small altar—candles that were now St. Robert's only luxury—were brought by the poor—by those scarce richer than himself, indeed. The poor brought him what little food he needed. And his great ministry went on, an inspiration and a song of praise, until one evening they found him on his bed, hands crossed above his breast, and about his face the crusader's utter peace.

Knaresborough, indeed, is the home of realities that lie beneath the casual everyday. Across the river, within hail of Robert's Cave, there's Mother Shipton's Well, where "the old witch practised divination," as one of her detractors put it. Divination was most

certainly her gift, but she was in no sense a witch of the broom and brimstone sort.

Knowing her gift, she followed its leading with selfless zeal. Broken in health, poor and derided, she never bent the knee to circumstance, or pawned her birthright by crossing palms with silver for promise of wedlock soon to come.

She kept herself apart from traffic of the busy world, nursed the inspiration that was dear as a first-born child, and her memory stands to-day triumphant. What she said would come is here among us. Tennyson, when he sang of aerial navies grappling in the blue, was her disciple without knowing it. Not a foretelling of hers has gone astray. If St. Robert in his cave was a child of the New Testament, she was a child of the old—a prophetess.

Men recall now, with a jest, that she foretold a time would come to England when the seasons would not be known from each other except by the leafage, or by the lengthening or shortening of the days. The seasons would be mixed together, with winter running through them all.

To us in the Dales there's no jest in this fulfilment. In two years we've had eight winters. The farmers have watched lean stock nibbling starved pastures, have seen their lambs die in spring, and their meadow-grass come thin and brown to the hay-mows. They do not make a jest about it. The thing is real, the desolation close at hand.

This well of Mother Shipton's has a curious power that suggests the miraculous to simple minds. It is a "dropping well," and turns to stone whatever is suspended long enough amid its trickle. Sometimes, indeed, it wears the look of a gamekeeper's larder; for so many furred and feathered bodies are brought to go through the slow stages of petrifaction.

Knaresborough's infinite changes are part of her beguilement. Every house built up the cliff tempts one to enter it with or without valid excuse. A gardener at heart builds his garden under any conditions that happen to surround him; and it is astonishing how rock-plants have been coaxed to thrive in pockets cunningly devised; wallflowers, aubretia—arabis in white cascades—the

saxifrages, red and cream and yellow—London pride, all dainty in its pink and green—the cliffs are dressed as for a gala day. Yet go down to Nidd River, and you find gardens of another sort entirely—soft, lush places, their feet in the water almost. The irises thrive here, and pæonies, and lavender walks. On summer's evenings, when the dusk is warm and still, you ask for the nightingale and wonder that he dare not roam into our northern country.

One of these gardens has steps that go to the river, and a mooring-place for skiff or punt. Few seem to remember nowadays that Charles the First once paced between its flowers—paced in bitter tribulation. Knaresborough, like Skipton-in-Craven, had held out with gallantry; but the war in Yorkshire had gone disastrously for the King, and he was here, needs must, to sign the treaty of capitulation.

It was signed in the house attached to this old-world garden. The King sat on one side of the table, Cromwell on the other; and that other picture starts to mind, of Lady Ingilby and Cromwell sharing a night's vigil at another table, beeswaxed so sedulously that the flickering candle-glow was mirrored in the oak.

The house at that time was the vicarage; but long before then it had known a wild and troubled history It was built in the days when "roof-tree" had a literal meaning. The great trunk, lopped of every branch, still carries the fabric of the house that was built round it in the olden way.

Its haunting has been known so long as to be accepted as almost usual. I had the story from the tenant, a burly Yorkshireman, who was the last man in the world, you would have thought, to have traffic with the ghost-world.

"Of course the place was haunted. You couldn't live for a day in it without being sure of that. I never saw anything, but heard enough to last my lifetime—sobbings and cries, enough to break your heart while you listened. There were sharp, cold winds, too, up and down the passages, when the night was still as a churchyard. But I liked the old house and stayed on."

People never unburden their hearts this way unless

they are sure their listener is reverent toward all ghost-lore; and even then they are apt to fall into a shyness, curious and hard to win through.

"I didn't know who it was gallivanting about the place," he went on after a long silence, "till I'd a fancy to make a cupboard under the stair. And while we were making it, we came on a piteous thing. There was a walled-up space we broke through, and there inside was a mouldered heap of clothes—a woman's clothes. It was only when we lifted them up that the poor, naked bones shook out on to the floor."

His simple way of telling the story brought home its appalling grimness.

"The place was haunted, you said," I ventured by and by.

"Yes, it's ended now. Those bones were given Christian burial."

I can recall only one house with such strange mingling of interest as this old vicarage, with its roof-tree, its haunting, its memories of King Charles and Cromwell. That other dwelling is the Mint House at Pevensey in Sussex, where echoes of Norman William's day linger, and a tongueless woman moans and will not be quiet.

Knaresborough gives us lighter glimpses of the wind-free liberty that was ever asserting itself in the restless mediæval times. The bishop, it seems, came once in high state to make inquiry into a grievous breach of discipline at a Convent in the town. The abbess was reported to keep a pack of hounds, and admitted the impeachment. She rode to hounds herself, and many of her nuns. Was there anywhere a pronouncement of Holy Church against such honest relaxation?

The bishop could remember none. Moreover, he was himself a mighty hunter. The finish of his visitation is lost to us; but one suspects that he shared the chase, in high humour, with good sisters who knew how to sit a horse.

Wherever you wander in and out of the town's ways and byways, some old tale is lying in wait. Even its modern market day is like no other. The street is packed with booths. You can buy anything, from a plough-share to trouser buttons. In spring you will find hand-

carts laden with temptation. Double daisies, some red, some white, bring back remembrance of gardens known long ago, when the world cared for such. And there are pansies, winking a shower away from their faces now the sun is out again. And herbs in plenty—thyme and rosemary, bergamot and tansy, rue and marjoram, and lasses' love—all for your garden gay.

You can also buy—a merry, smooth-faced rogue assures you of it—a medicine whose prescription was given him during his travels in the highlands of Thibet. It will cure you of more ailments than existed to your humble knowledge until he names them; and its price is absurd, because he is a lover of his fellow men. To smooth sickness from the furrowed brow is his delight. This elixir of health has been dearly bought by him, but he is not here for profit. That is why he is selling each bottle of the priceless mixture at a loss.

This glib practitioner begins presently to single out individuals in the crowd about his rostrum, proves to each by skilled suggestion that he or she has a grievous malady, then bids them cease to worry any more. A bottle of his physic had once cured the Grand Lama of Thibet, so surely lesser folk could trust its virtues. In amongst his serious business of convincing people that they are ill, he has a wide range of patter, a fund of anecdote that brings the ready laugh or the maudlin tear. One is absorbed by the man's sheer genius, playing with a sure touch on the humanity he knows by heart.

Wonderful as this market is, just as a stranger might view it for the first time, its old, unwritten laws thread it, to its intimates, with mystery of the far-off generations. It is an ancient market. Its stall-owners, most of them, are ancestried by market-men who thwacked their ritual into the very bones of those to follow them. Over and over again a brand new salesman has succeeded by purchase to a stall-right, and has taken his own way without heed of precedent. If he has been quick of apprehension he has learned to fall humbly into line with centuries stronger than himself; if slow, or obstinate, they have a way of teaching him dislike of Knaresborough.

You cannot get away from antiquity. The castle ruins are eloquent with strife of Cavalier and Puritan.

When you have reached the high country bordering the town and got a little way into the country fields and market-gardens, you come to Scriven Village, a corner of the world left for man's delight, from the days when England was herself. There's order, without fussy neatness. The gardens fronting each good house are trim, yet free in their luxury of bloom. The tenantry of Scriven Park have their homes here, and all that was real and comely in the feudal times comes into quiet view. The old wives' tales of dark oppression, and poor folk trodden in the mire, are swept away. Here at Scriven are lusty survivors of an age that bred self-reliance and the happiest sort of pride. Such folk could not possibly be reared from mire and servitude.

Till lately there were Slingsbys at Scriven; and to speak of a Slingsby in the Dales, or in that other country of the Yorkshire Wolds, is to sound a trumpet-note. Clean-minded, clean-handed, strong for sport or battle, they built a glamour round the name—a thrifty glamour, strong to survive.

Standing here in Scriven's twilight, the rooks sending out their last sleepy thanksgiving, the mind roams up and down the Dale of Nidd. So many gallant families have gone from birth to burial, carrying the torch till younger hands were there to take it forward. So many yeomen, simple farmers and their hinds, have worked in peace or fought in strife, stride by stride with their overlords. Hampsthwaite and Dacre and tough old Pateley Brigg are thick with Dalesmen counted buried out of sight. Yet how surely they live on, so that you cannot miss the tread of their lusty horses, their rollicking song as they go to hunt or market.

The last rook, cawing fitfully, gets to sleep with his dreams of older days. From Knaresborough, old and wise, the market-folk come home. And the world goes very well.

Lord Balfour in Palestine

A Reply to Mr. Israel Cohen

By Rt. Hon. Lord Raglan

It is not surprising that the apologists for Zionism should try to divert attention from the weakness of their case by abuse and personalities, and accordingly Mr. Cohen begins his article with an attack on myself and the other British officers and officials who have served in Palestine. It is a significant fact that almost all are anti-Zionists and many of them resigned their appointments rather than remain the instruments of such a policy.

According to Mr. Cohen, a politician who accepts the position of Minister of Health or Secretary for Scotland *ipso facto* acquires a knowledge of Palestine which entitles him completely to disregard the opinion of all those who have served there.

Mr. Cohen goes on: "It is rather late in the day to attempt to justify hostility to British policy in Palestine on the ground of the demarcation of that country's frontiers." This must mean either that the Arabs do not object to the partition of their country, which is untrue, or that it is impossible for the frontier ever again to be altered, which is absurd.

Mr. Cohen then admits, what his colleague, Mr. Stein, denied in the *Times*, that the Zionists claim Transjordan. He states that to compare the settlement of Jews in Palestine with a hypothetical settlement of Chinese in England shows a deplorable ignorance of history. History cannot alter the fact that a Russian Jew is as much a foreigner in Palestine as a Chinaman is in England.

He says that it is fallacious to attempt to show that Palestine is not an empty land by quoting the figures for an exceptional district. A glance at the census, or at the official estimate of the cultivable land, which gives 72 per cent. as the proportion now cultivated by the Arabs, will show that Acre is not an exceptional district.

Mr. Cohen quotes, and apparently endorses, the opinion of Colonel Conder, that Palestine could support a population of ten millions. A country the size of Yorkshire, without any of Yorkshire's resources, supporting a population nearly two and a half times as large! Prodigious! On the other hand, Mr. Amery is reported to

have said at Jerusalem that there was no fear (*sic*) of the Jews outnumbering the Arabs.

Mr. Cohen accuses me of the "blunder" of terming Palestine "a British dependency." If a country where the British flag is flown, which is garrisoned with British troops, and where all the officials are appointed by the British Government, is not a British dependency, what is it? I am surprised that Mr. Cohen should try to make this point, as one of the stock arguments of the Zionists is that the status of Palestine as a British dependency safeguards the Suez Canal, and thereby repays the British taxpayer for its enormous drain on his purse.

Passing over "Pagett, M.P.," in whose infallibility Mr. Cohen is unfortunately by no means the sole believer, we come to the University. Mr. Cohen admits that there are Communists and "super-orthodox" Jews in Palestine, but says that neither element has anything to do with the University. Of course they have not, because the University has not yet come into existence. When, if ever, it is opened as a University, it is from those elements that it will have to draw a majority of its students, and if Dr. Hertz is to keep the peace he will have little time for his other duties.

Now as to co-operation between Jews and Arabs. Mr. Cohen says that they would have made much greater progress by now "but for the persistent and pernicious interference on the part of those—neither Jews nor Arabs—who are making every effort to keep them asunder. The Jews have repeatedly declared their desire for co-operation. . ."

This is the theory. For the facts we may refer to the official report on the Jaffa disturbances of 1921, pages 52–55, from which I will quote one paragraph:

> Again, we have had evidence to the effect that the Zionist Commission put strong pressure upon a large Jewish landowner of Richon-le-Zion to employ Jewish labour in place of the Arabs, who had been employed on his farm since he was a boy. The farmer, we were told, yielded to this pressure with reluctance, firstly, because the substitution of Jewish for Arab labour would alienate the Arabs, secondly, because the pay demanded by the Jewish labourers, and the short hours during which they would consent to work, would make it impossible for him to run his farm at a profit.

The last sentence explains why the Jewish settlements are an economic failure, and can only be kept going by means of subsidies.

The newspapers said many foolish things about Lord

Balfour's visit to Palestine, but those I saw did not go to the length of "welcoming in the inauguration of the University of Jerusalem the dawn of a better day . . . in the development of the Near East." It would be equally true to say that the inauguration of a Sanscrit University at Hong Kong would lead to the dawn of a better day in the development of China.

In conclusion I will state what I believe to be the real facts of Zionism. Judaism is not a nationality but a religion, and a dying religion. Orthodox Judaism is incompatible with modern civilized life, and when a Jew abandons orthodoxy he, or his children, usually end by abandoning Judaism. The theory that the Jews are a people apart is a fallacy. In the centuries immediately preceding and following the birth of Christ hundreds of thousands of non-Jews were converted to Judaism: in the last few centuries hundreds of thousands of Jews have been converted to Christianity. All over Western Europe and America Jews are daily intermarrying with Christians and forsaking the faith of their ancestors. The descendants of the Portuguese Jews who came to England in the seventeenth century all became Christians long ago, and most of the German Jews who followed them in the eighteenth have done the same. The Russian and Polish Jews have come in larger numbers and shown a greater tendency to congregate, but nevertheless their absorption is proceeding rapidly.

Formerly this tendency to conversion and assimilation was checked by the influence of the Russian Jews, the descendants of the Tatar tribe of the Khazars, who were converted to Judaism about A.D. 750. The policy of the Russian Empire, by which they were compulsorily segregated and restricted to certain occupations practically forced them to a life of orthodoxy, and from Russia there proceeded a constant stream of pious rabbis and teachers, who served to keep alive the faith of their co-religionists in the West.

The Russian revolution, Bolshevism, famine and pogroms have brought about a new state of affairs. The ghettoes are being broken up, and the sudden change has been too much for the orthodoxy of the Jews, many of whom have grasped with avidity the tenets of Bolshevism. It is clear to the pious Jews that they must look elsewhere

for their teachers, and to the Zionists the answer to the question is clear. Zionism, before the war an ideal to be hoped for, has now to them become a necessity, if Judaism is to survive. That explains the fanaticism and unscrupulousness of the Zionists. Their faith, so they believe, is at stake. But of course Palestine, if it is to become a nursery of orthodoxy, must be a purely Jewish Palestine. If any Arabs are to remain, and it would be more satisfactory to turn them all out, they must be in a minority, and restricted to the rôle of hewers of wood and drawers of water. The Zionists do not mind how many Bolshevists enter Palestine. As long as they are economically dependent, they can give no serious trouble to the Zionist leaders, whatever they may to the Government. They may eventually succeed in obtaining control, but they are the only class of immigrant available in any numbers, so the Zionists are prepared to take the risk.

In any case they are infinitely preferable to Arabs. All this talk about recognizing the rights of the Arabs, educating the Arabs, co-operating with the Arabs, is sheer humbug. They talk of David, who had a bodyguard of Philistines, and Solomon with his foreign wives, but their ideal is the Judæa of Ezra and the Maccabees, in which no non-Jews were tolerated.

Mr. Cohen talks of the anti-Zionists as "a small band." They include all the Christian churches, most of the people of this country, the Governments of France and Italy, the whole Moslem world, and a large number, possibly a majority, of the Jews themselves. The latter may be divided into three classes: firstly, the orthodox, who think that an operation which involves the introduction of the poisonous knife of Bolshevism into the vitals of Judaism is unlikely to improve its health; secondly, those who are patriotic citizens of Western countries, and object to having their supposed Palestinian nationality cast in their teeth; and thirdly, the Sephardim, or Southern Jews, who are not in communion with the others, and resent the attempts of the Zionists to bully them and embroil them with their Moslem neighbours.

The world is against the Zionists and the facts are against them, but they refuse to recognize facts, and heap abuse on those who are almost their only friends, namely, the Government of Palestine.

Mediæval Cavalry and Modern Tanks

"The wheel has come full circle"

By Captain B. H. Liddell Hart

August 9th, A.D. 378

A sultry summer day on the plains of Adrianople, two armies engaged in desperate struggle; one, the shield and symbol of Roman imperial power; the other, the embodiment of the barbarian challenge to Rome's sovereignty over the ancient world.

The Emperor Valens, confident in the superiority of the Roman legions, through long centuries the "queen of battle" and with all the traditions of a thousand victorious fields behind them, had marched out from the shelter of Adrianople's walls that morning to attack the army of the Goths under their famous leader Fritigern. The moment was inopportune to the Goths, for the main body of their cavalry was away foraging at a distance. With a craft worthy of the Byzantine Emperors later, or of Kutusoff before Austerlitz, Fritigern employed an embassy to gain time for the recall of his cavalry. The parley proving fruitless, the Roman army developed a strong attack on the Goths' position. The scales of victory hung in the balance, when suddenly a cloud of dust appeared in the distance, growing rapidly larger and nearer until it materialized as the mass of the Gothic cavalry. Riding straight to the battlefield the flying squadrons of Alatheus and Saphrax charged like a thunderbolt against the flank of the imperial army. "So tremendous was the impact that the legions and cohorts were pushed together in helpless confusion. . . . The Roman infantry realized the horror of their position; equally unable to deploy or to fly, they had to stand to be cut down. . . . Into this quivering mass the Goths rode, plying sword and lance against the helpless

enemy. It was not till two-thirds of the Roman army had fallen that the thinning of the ranks enabled a few thousand men to break out. . . ."*

When the sun went down that evening on the corpse-piled battlefield of Adrianople, it set also on the great Roman Empire, for though the twilight was to be prolonged for several centuries, the spell that Rome had cast upon the western world was shattered. The end was postponed by taking the Barbarians into partnership; henceforth the Emperor might be senior partner, or sleeping partner, in the firm according to his ability and circumstances, but he was never again to exercise the sway of earlier days. As a military disaster to the Roman arms Adrianople finds its one counterpart in Cannæ, but the political significance of Adrianople is far greater.

It is, too, as great a landmark in military as in world history. For nearly six centuries, since Zama and Cynoscephalae, the Roman infantry had been the dominant factor in warfare, her legions the instrument and token of world-power.

On August 9, A.D. 378, the sun set on the supremacy of infantry, the glory of the legions was buried under the heaps of the slain, and the age of cavalry was ushered in. It was to last for nearly a thousand years—until the Swiss pikemen at Laupen and the English bowmen at Cressy reversed the balance.

August 8th, A.D. 1918

Another summer day, on the banks of the Somme in front of Amiens, again the fearful clash of two armies—one the weapon of Imperial Germany in her bid for world supremacy, the other the shield and symbol of outraged civilization in defence of her liberty. In her army Germany possessed a superbly trained instrument that reminded us of the Roman legions. For half a century her arms had been the menace of the modern world, and in tactical efficiency at least maintained the traditions of 1866 and 1870. During four years her machine-gunners, heirs of the Roman legionaries, had defied all the efforts of orthodox tactics to overthrow

* Oman, "Art of War in the Middle Ages."

them, exacting as the price of any gain a cost in allied lives out of all proportion to the barren results.

The foresight and insight of a small group of men, helped by the practical mechanical aptitude of a few more, had provided us with a new weapon—the tank, originally intended purely as an antidote to the German machine-guns and trenches. The obstacles and delays these pioneers met with are now part of history. Even when the tank emerged into being, for more than a year its advantages were lost, used in driblets, or frittered away in the bogs of Flanders, ground essentially unsuitable to its limitations, until at Cambrai in November, 1917, its correct tactical employment was at last appreciated by authority, as distinct from its originators.

The story of 1918 is too recent history to need much repetition. The Allied armies, reeling under a series of onslaughts, were still "with their backs to the wall" when the counter-stroke of July 18 came to their relief. Even so it seemed to an anxious waiting world that the scales still hung trembling in the balance. Hope was revived, but, even if the best befell, all felt that the path to victory must be long and arduous; none assuredly were vouchsafed a vision of what was to come about in three brief months.

The curtain fell and remained down for some weeks while the world waited expectant for the next act of the drama; only a privileged few were allowed behind the scenes. Then, in the early hours of August 8 the blow fell, the German machine-gunners were overrun and slaughtered by the charge of the British tanks, almost as helplessly as their forerunners at Adrianople, exactly fifteen hundred and forty years before. Let the story be epitomized in the words of the enemy, of Ludendorff himself: "*August 8 was the black day of the German Army in the history of the War.*" "The divisions in line allowed themselves to be completely overwhelmed. Divisional staffs were surprised in their headquarters by enemy tanks."

The victorious method of August 8 was repeated and repeated, in essentials at least, during a brief and glorious "hundred days" until the German power and will to

resist was broken. On this last phase the verdict of Ludendorff is: "Mass attacks by tanks and artificial fog remained hereafter our most dangerous enemies."

It is an axiom that nations learn more readily from defeat than from victory, and though for the nonce Germany is prohibited from building tanks, her post-war military reviews and text-books bear ample witness to the study that is being devoted to them and their tactics. Will she repeat both the recovery of the Eastern Roman Empire and the basic idea of its military reorganization? "Theodosius, on whom devolved the task of reorganizing the troops of the Empire, appears to have appreciated to its fullest extent the military meaning of the fight at Adrianople. Abandoning the old Roman theory of war, he decided that the cavalry must in future compose the most important part of the imperial army."*

Unable to provide this new arm in sufficient numbers or quality from home resources, he obtained it by enlisting wholesale the services of Teutonic allies. Here again we may ask ourselves whether Germany, temporarily debarred from producing her own tanks, though for different reasons, will use Russia as her tool in developing these new sources of military power.

Whether we, in turn, have imbibed the lessons of 1918 and adequately developed the means that brought us victory is a moot point.

There is justice in the claim that as tank design is still in its infancy such money as is available can be more wisely spent in experiments to develop more efficient and reliable types of tank than in equipping our forces with a large number of tanks that may be obsolete in a few years.

Meanwhile, however, our post-war reorganization and establishments have been crystallizing, and when once the proportionate strengths of the various arms are settled, they have a tendency to become fixed. In peace time, with estimates and expenditure rigidly limited, an increase in one arm implies the reduction of another, and, as is but natural, sentiment and interest combine

* Oman, "Art of War in the Middle Ages."

to resist the change. Disbanded regiments mean not only marred careers, but the severance of great traditions.

But when we contrast the 3,000 tanks (plus 5,500 for the allies) and 7,500 cross-country tractors that were being built for the 1919 campaign, it is difficult to feel happy over our present establishment of only *five* tank battalions, possessing but a few score tanks of up-to-date design. Such a proportion would seem to endow us with little power to repeat those mass attacks that on German confession were their "most dangerous enemies." More significant still, and perhaps more ominous, is that our ideas appear to have fallen behind those of 1918. Whereas we then planned, for 1919, assault divisions in the proportion of one tank brigade of 144 tanks to two infantry brigades, with all the transport on a tractor, or cross-country basis, we now officially work on the proportion laid down by the Bird Committee, of one tank battalion to a division of infantry.

To appreciate that this idea is retrogressive there is no need to project ourselves into the far future with its visions of naval warfare on land waged by tank fleets, nor to number ourselves with the hot-headed reformers who would wipe out the existing arms with a stroke of the pen. Plain common sense and a knowledge of history will show us that even if warfare moves in cycles, they are progressive cycles, and that each succeeding war in modern times between the Great Powers shows an advance mechanically on the last, and at least begins where the last left off.

What, then, is the cause of this step back in the proportion of tanks to the other arms? Is it because of a reactionary objection to new-fangled methods and ideas, or to a disbelief in the value of tanks in future warfare? The answer is "No" in both cases. The present Higher Command are far from resisting progress, as was amply shown in last year's manœuvres by the number and variety of new means to mobility and hitting power—aircraft, radio-telephony, new light and fast transport, etc.—and the attention paid to them. In the second case the fact that the tanks have now a permanent place in our organization would dispose of

any such theory. Shortly after the war, it is true, certain generals declared that the tank was purely a means of breaking down the trench-barrier in France, and as such had served its purpose; that in mobile warfare of the future there would be no place for it. But our General Staff, fortunately, were wiser, and instead set out to obtain a tank definitely suited and intended for mobile warfare—the result is the new Vickers tank, which has a vastly increased speed and radius of action with a lesser trench-spanning capacity.

There is no question that those now in authority regard the tank as a valuable *adjunct* to the arms already existing—infantry, cavalry, and artillery.

Yet, curiously, in this very recognition, as we have stated it, of the value of tanks would seem to lie the clue to the small proportion of tanks to the other arms in our post-war organization. Similarly, with subordinate commanders, the value many of them now place on tanks is the cause of their faulty tactical employment, as seen in last year's training on several occasions.

Despite the high speed and relatively low obstacle-crossing power of the latest tanks, they are still regarded as an *adjunct* to the infantry, and a means of helping the latter to overcome the enemy posts they encounter in their advance—as was the primary purpose of the tanks in the Great War.

The root of the difficulty lies in the fact that for centuries soldiers have been accustomed to think in terms of three main arms—infantry, cavalry, and artillery. Then in the last war came the addition of tanks, and soldiers were in a quandary where to place it. In the British post-war manuals it is treated of as an extra arm to the three originals; in the French it is bracketed under "infantry." In all humility the suggestion is made that both are wrong, and that the right classification and the right tactical use of tanks is to be found by a study of history in the light of the unchanging and fundamental principles of war—with one eye on the past and the other on the future, for history has a strange way of repeating itself.

Herein lies both the explanation and the object of our opening comparison between August 9, A.D. 378 and

August 8, A.D. 1918. The suggestion is that tanks are not an extra arm, nor a substitute for infantry, but the modernized version of heavy cavalry.

To grasp this we have but to dissect war in terms of its three basic elements—guarding, moving, and hitting. The keynote of cavalry and its essential value has always lain in its mobility. In the first place this mobility has made it the best instrument to reconnoitre, and gain information about the enemy and his movements, and to form a protective screen at a distance from the main forces. This form may be termed *guarding-mobility*. Modern invention has, however, given us in the aeroplane an instrument immensely faster, possessing a far greater range both of movement and observation and untrammelled by surface obstacles, because flying above them —but by reason of this unable to carry out such a thorough and detailed reconnaissance as can a cavalryman who moves along the ground.

By the universal consent of all general staffs aircraft have, as a result, replaced cavalry as the means of distant reconnaissance, leaving to cavalry the duty of close reconnaissance and acting as a protective screen within a short radius of the main forces, supplemented, however, by armoured cars on the roads. It is possible that even this rôle may eventually be taken over by light tanks, cross-country cars carrying lightly equipped infantry, or scouts mounted on tractorized motor-cycles. But this time is not yet, and must depend on mechanical improvements, though it may be hastened by the rapid disappearance of the horse from civil transportation.

In the second place comes the *mobility of cavalry for strategic movements*, a means by which a commander could transfer part of his strength from one point to another to effect an unexpected concentration of force at some vital spot. Even in the past the value of cavalry was hardly distinguishable from that of mounted infantry in this respect, and now the development of railway and motor transport for troop movements has practically replaced it for this function, save in desert or undeveloped lands. Even in the latter the cross-country car threatens its position, if we may judge by the French exploits in Morocco and the Sahara.

Finally there is *hitting-mobility*—that used for direct offensive action—which lies in the impetus of attack and demoralizing effect given by speed of onslaught. This has been the rôle of heavy cavalry, as distinct from the early dragoons and their successors, mounted infantry. In the cavalry charge has rested the supreme value of this arm. From Adrianople to La Haye Sainte a thousand fields have borne witness to its efficacy.

The conduct of war, as distinct from its technical details, is a matter of pure common sense and character, and throughout military history the hall-mark of the great captains has been that they stripped the art of war of the entwining coils of professional custom and prejudice that habitually spring up in each era like ivy until they suffocate and drain the sap from the tree of common-sense action. All fighting, whether a street scrap between two corner boys or *la grande guerre*, is in essentials the same, and to clear our vision of the undergrowth of custom and technicality we do well at intervals to go back and study war in its simplest form. In a bout of fisticuffs a man leads off with one fist, in order to fix his opponent's attention and engage his resources, and then delivers the knockout blow with his other fist.

The essence of these tactics is that the enemy is attacked from two directions practically at the same moment, so that in parrying the one he exposes himself to the other. Here in a nutshell is the ruling formula of all tactics, great or small—that of *fixing combined with decisive manœuvre*, i.e. while one limb of the force fixes the enemy, pinning him to the ground and absorbing his attention and reserves, the other limb strikes at a vulnerable and exposed point, usually the flank or line of retreat and communications in war, just as it is the chin or solar-plexus in boxing. If we read military history we find that this *convergent attack* from two directions simultaneously was the master-key used by all the great artists of war, as distinguished from the mere artisan generals who relied on "push of pike" and sheer weight of assault.

Right through the ages, however, so long as armies moved and fought as a whole, uniting before action and drawing up in a definite order of battle, the convergent

attack was purely a battlefield manœuvre obtained by overlapping one or more of the enemy's flanks, or occasionally by placing a fraction of the force just beyond the flank of the army in readiness. Save for exceptional instances, the product of circumstances rather than deliberate design, the *strategic convergence* was unknown before Napoleon, and is the latter's supreme contribution to the art of war. The far-flung strategic movements of Jenghiz Khan and Subutai in the thirteenth century were undiscovered by students of war until recent years, and so have no place in the evolution of warfare among the European nations. In the strategic convergence two or more forces, or fractions of the army, converge on the enemy from distant points—the movements, perhaps, beginning long before, when the location of the eventual battlefield is no more than a shadowy idea in the mind of the commander-in-chief.

But the tactical use of the convergent attack may be traced in almost every famous victory throughout history, and we find almost invariably that the infantry is the arm used for fixing the enemy and the cavalry for the *decisive manœuvre*, because of its natural suitability for rapid outflanking movements, the devastating momentum developed during its charge, and the demoralizing influence its furious onset inspires in exhausted or shaken troops.

To Alexander belongs the credit of developing this wise application of the law of economy of force, and from Alexander at Granicus to Hannibal at Cannæ and Scipio at Zama we see the employment of cavalry for the decisive blow. Then for some centuries came the reign of the legions, with cavalry filling a comparatively minor rôle. By the highly-developed skill of the legions the flanking action of cavalry was frustrated, as may be observed in Cæsar's tactics at Pharsalia. The reign of infantry continued, save for intermittent checks, until Adrianople, which, as we have noted, forced its abdication in favour of cavalry. Then for a thousand years cavalry was supreme and infantry became a mere accessory, to garrison towns or operate in broken and hilly country. The decay of infantry was so marked that cavalry could ride them down by a direct charge, and

there was neither the need for tactical skill, nor in truth did it exist. This epoch was the Dark Ages of the art of war as well as of European civilization.

With the growth of feudal chivalry the mail-clad knight or man-at-arms was omnipotent against the raw poorly-armed levies, raised in emergency, who constituted the only infantry. Guarded by his armour, endowed with mobility through his horse, and producing tremendous hitting power for shock action in his spear and sword, thus combining in himself all three elements, he was able to ride down the infantry levies with impunity. For the time he was, indeed, an ideal fighting instrument, lacking only tactical skill. It was this deficiency which brought about his downfall almost as much as any counter-measures. He had not the knowledge and insight to warn him against the increasing tendency to sacrifice mobility for protection, by a constant augmentation of his armour, nor to appraise himself of his own limitations and dissuade him from frontal attacks over unsuitable ground against strongly-posted infantry.

The discovery of these limitations in the fourteenth century against the Swiss pikemen, and the English archers at Cressy, came as such a shock that he swung to the opposite extreme and discarded the mobility which was his supreme asset. Thus was seen the absurdity of Poictiers, with its dismounted cavalry masses hardly able to advance because of the weight of their armour, a dense and immobile target for the English bowmen.

With the introduction of firearms came still a further negation of the true cavalry doctrine, the squadrons riding up to the enemy's line, discharging their pistols and then wheeling. The cavalry tactics of the sixteenth century were for the mounted arm to rely on their rudimentary firearms, as if in feeble imitation of the Mongol horse-archers of Subutai, instead of on the shock of the charge.

To Gustavus Adolphus is due the credit of introducing into modern war the tactics of cavalry, and of combining the action of the two arms as had Alexander, Hannibal, and Scipio. Thus it is that we see, again, infantry fixing the enemy and cavalry for the decisive

manœuvre, in such famous examples as Cromwell at Naseby, Condé at Rocroi, Frederick, or, perhaps, rather Seidlitz at Zorndorf, Napoleon at Dresden, Wellington at Salamanca.

The renaissance of cavalry in modern history was a revival of the characteristics of the era of Alexander and Hannibal, rather than of the cycle opening with Adrianople, for the infantry being now equipped with firearms, and supported by artillery, were able to hold their own. It was perhaps fortunate for them that while these new weapons were in their infancy, cavalry tactics were lacking in vigour and speed, and the progressive revival of cavalry shock action coincided with a steady improvement in firearms, so that infantry were generally able to resist the onslaught, except when shaken or caught in disorder.

Unhappily for cavalry also, their possibilities of tactical progress were necessarily more limited than the mechanical possibilities of firearms, and in actual fact reached their zenith while the flint-lock musket was still the staple infantry weapon. Then in the middle of last century came the invention and general adoption of the breech-loading rifle and the Minié elongated bullet, and the increased accuracy and deadliness of infantry weapons soon brought about the virtual extinction of the cavalry charge. But a traditional reluctance to face new facts delayed the general recognition of this truth. In 1870 the success of the Uhlans as a protective screen and for reconnaissance obscured both the rarity of offensive cavalry action and the disastrous results of the few charges that were made, such as at Worth and Vionville. Clear thinking would have distinguished between the separate rôles of guarding and hitting, the latter of which was no longer feasible.

Finally, with the twentieth century, came the machine-gun and automatic rifle, and now at last the decease of the cavalry charge is established beyond dispute.

Cavalry enthusiasts, reluctant to see their old love disappear, draw such grains of comfort as they can find from its success in the limited spheres of close reconnaissance and for movement in uncivilized lands which happen to be flat and suitable for cavalry. In their

anxiety to prepare a case for the defence they perhaps overstress this limited value. If, instead of thinking of cavalry as men on horseback, it was thought of as *the mobile arm*, the source of many misconceptions and prejudices would be removed. For in fulfilling its historical functions cavalry has assumed many different forms, and comprised radically different types and patterns.

On the other hand, the modernist school, who consider cavalry an anachronism, concentrate their energies on destructive criticism. What neither side seem concerned with is to remedy the lopsidedness of modern warfare and to discover a substitute for the vitally important rôle of decisive manœuvre formerly fulfilled by cavalry, a rôle that was, indeed, the main purpose of the mobile arm.

Its disappearance is intimately connected with the stalemates of recent campaigns, the Russo-Japanese and the Great War. Infantry and artillery could fix the enemy, but there was no effective means of completing their efforts by a decisive blow such as cavalry had formerly delivered. It is not too much to say that this factor has caused the decay of generalship, and that the art of war as understood by the great captains cannot revive until a substitute for cavalry's former offensive rôle is *recognized*, for it has already been found, if the history of war be appraised logically.

The Battle of Amiens needs to be studied in the light of the Battle of Adrianople.

The tank is at least as well protected against infantry weapons as were the mediæval cavalry; its range and speed of movement is greater, and its hitting power superior, making all allowance for the vastly improved weapons it has to face.

Like the cavalry of old, the tank has its limitations; there are certain types of ground on which it is handicapped, and certain defences against which it is helpless. These limitations must be appreciated and its tactical employment based on them as were those of cavalry by the great captains. Has August 8, 1918, ushered in a tank age, as August 9, 378, brought in a cavalry age? Only the future can tell. The status of

infantry is now in the scales. Those who shared in the experience of 1918, and even more those who watched and reflected on last year's training at Aldershot with the new tanks, can have little doubt that on ground suitable to tank action infantry are helpless against them. But in most countries there is wooded, hilly, or swampy ground where tanks cannot operate. By taking advantage of such tank-proof localities and areas, as is being taught at Aldershot, infantry may retain a useful rôle until a modern successor of the longbow of Cressy is invented to restore the balance fully.

Conversely, the full benefit of the tank-substitute for cavalry depends on how far the commanders of to-day take to heart the lesson that mediæval chivalry failed to appreciate until taught by bitter experience, and then misinterpreted in such a way as to rob cavalry of its chief asset, mobility. So long as tanks are intermingled with infantry and frittered away in driblets on unsuitable ground, they will be no more effective than the fourteenth to sixteenth-century cavalry, before Gustavus.

Once appreciate that they are not an extra arm or a mere aid to infantry, but are the modern form of heavy cavalry, and their correct tactical use is clear—to be concentrated and used in as large masses as possible for *decisive manœuvre* against the flanks and communications of the enemy, who have been fixed by the infantry and artillery.

Then not only may we see the rescue of mobility from the toils of trench-warfare, but with it the revival of generalship and of the art of war, in contrast to its mere mechanics. Instead of machines threatening to become the masters of man, as they actually did in 1914–1918, they will give man back opportunities for the use of his art. On the battlefields of the future may be repeated the triumphs of an Arbela, a Cannæ, a Zama, or an Austerlitz. It will then again be true to say with Napoleon "*Men* do not matter, it is the *man* who counts." The realization that the proper rôle of the tank, at present a Cinderella, is the supremely vital act of decisive manœuvre will do more than anything else to sweep away the prejudice that always attaches to an innovation, and so pave the way for a readjustment

of the proportions of the various arms in our new organizations.

Better still, the restoration of a mobile arm for offensive action will keep alight the cavalry spirit, the very soul of war. To-day the germs of trench-warfare still linger in the military system, with all their deadening effects on mind and action, which can only be counteracted by inoculation with the serum of mobility. To save us from the indecisiveness of recent methods of warfare, that inflict permanent injury on the economic life of both sides, we stand in great need of the lightning grasp of a situation, the rapidity of action, and the energy in exploiting the fleeting opportunities of battle, which are the essence of the cavalry spirit.

The tank assault of to-morrow is but the long-awaited re-birth of the cavalry charge, with the merely material change that moving fire is added to shock, and the cavalry-tank replaces the cavalry horse. Thus, to paraphrase, "The Cavalry is dead! Long live the Cavalry!"

Magic in Pictures and Words

By the Right Hon. Sir John Ross, Bart.
(Last Lord Chancellor of Ireland)

WHEN an Artist-mystic paints a picture the observer finds in it a great deal more than is represented by line or colour.

He paints, for instance, a kind of a fortress rock on a hill—between us and the hill is a broad stretch of heather—beyond it a patch of mountain side, russet and yellow, on which the setting sun casts his last faint rays. Above sails a dark galleon cloud and, higher still, a solitary star is just appearing. That is the whole of it, but what does it convey to one who contemplates it for a while? He feels that between him and the fortress rock great things have happened—men have fought and grappled in death struggles—shouts and cries have ascended to the skies. The scene is more thronged than if in very fact the charging combatants were represented in line and colour. It is not one battle that is suggested, but many in different epochs of time.

The cold star has looked down pitilessly for thousands of years since the short-lived races of men appeared on this planet. How can we explain? The mystic painter cannot help you at all. He knows that strange things are there—they were in his mind when he plied his brush, but he cannot account for the phenomenon.

Socrates observed that the poets, when questioned about their poems, were powerless to explain them, and this inability to do so he attributed to the theory that they wrote under a kind of inspiration, and were unable to understand what they themselves had written.

When Virgil wrote "Sunt lacrymæ rerum" he used words that no man can literally translate and yet everyone knows by his own emotions what they mean—the sympathy and pity of man for man's sufferings and sorrows. The background of all Romance we find in another Virgilian line:

"Fluminaque antiquos subterlabentia muros." Here

we have the setting that served so well the border ballad makers—Sir Walter Scott—the elder Dumas, and the rest of them.

We find in one old ballad—

> He turned his charger as he spake
> Upon the Irish shore;
> He gave his bridle reins a shake,
> Adieu for evermore, my love,
> Adieu for evermore.

Here we have Romance in its purest and simplest form—hopeless love—an eternal severance, but an eternal remembrance.

Even Pope with all his artificiality could somehow produce a strange, dreamy languor—

> Lo where Maeotis sleeps, and hardly flows
> The freezing Tanais through a waste of snows.

We feel ourselves with senses benumbed, passing away painlessly into the oblivion of death.

Coleridge can use the enchantment—

> Through caverns measureless to man
> Down to a sunless sea.

And so can Keats—

> Charmed magic casements opening on the foam
> Of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn.

One wonders what answers he would have given to a Socratic questioner.

In the authorized version of the Bible there are many examples, but none to surpass the most pathetic of all Hexameters—

> How art thou fallen from Heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning.

In Tennyson we have—

> Such a tide as moving seems asleep
> Too full for sound or foam
> When that which drew from out the boundless deep
> Turns again home.

The mysterious, immortal spirit of man, its work accomplished, returning on a silent, foamless tide to the home whence it came.

In Tennyson again—

> Rome
> The slowly fading mistress of the World.

This makes the mind-picture the haughty Republic —the Scipios—Hannibal—the Cæsars and their tragedy—then follows the fading—Varro's legions lost in the German woods—the notes of the tubæ on the Tyne for 300 years, dying away in the distance when the Eagles were borne Southward from the Roman Wall.

Edgar Allan Poe sings of—

> A water that flows
> With a lullaby sound
> From a Spring but a very few
> Feet from the ground,
> From a cavern not very far
> Down underground.

Or, again, Dante Gabriele Rossetti—

> Right so he knew that he saw weep,
> Each night through every dream,
> The Queen's own form confused in sleep
> With images supreme
> Not known to him.

The Knight had beheld Queen Blancheleys in his dreams and realizes when he sees her for the first time that his death must follow that meeting.

In Lionel Johnson's lines—

> Alone he rides, alone,
> The fair, the fatal King,
> Dark night is all his own,
> That strange and solemn thing

we have the whole drama of the wars between Parliament and King. It is all over now—the long agony—the clashing of steel—the shouts of Cavalier and Roundhead.

Nothing remains but the comely figure of the lonely horseman riding on amid the night winds and the stars.

We turn to Dobell's "Ravelstone"—

> The merry path that leads
> Down the golden morning hill
> And through the silvern meads.

Can anyone repeat these lines without feeling the ecstasy of youth once more in his veins and the joy of life and colour?

It is not always easy to remember by whom the haunting verses were written. Sometimes they come from the great poets, and sometimes from those of no account.

I cannot recall the origin of the following lines—

All night long in my dreams I wandered to find you,
By shadowy woods and streams,
But you fled with the moon before and the wind behind you,
All night long in my dreams.

In the too-little-known verses of William Wilkins, the Dublin poet, we find—

Where the yellow leopards of England
Weary of wars
Furl and unfurl on the breeze.

These suggest Agincourt and Crécy, Trafalgar, Waterloo, and the Flanders Fields, with a sigh for peace that will never come.

Padraic Colum rends our heartstrings with the description of the Irish mother over her dying child—

Mavourneen is going
From me and from you,
Where Mary will fold him
With mantle of blue.

From the reek of the smoke
And cold of the floor
And the peering of things
Across the half door.

O men of the fields
Soft, softly come thro'
Mary puts round him
Her mantle of blue.

Not less moving is the prose of Carlyle, if it can be called prose, after a visit to his dying mother—

It was my mother and not my mother—
the last pale rim or sickle of the
moon—which had once been full—
now sinking in the dark seas.

Or, again, Richard Middleton—

Up and down the ice cold corridor of his
brain thought formless and timeless,
passed like a rodent flame.

Some of these examples of the word-magicians are obscure and some apparently quite plain, but every one of them suggests a picture, whether seen by the writer or not, extending far beyond what the words themselves actually express.

In the Fog

By Denys Cowan

He had not wandered so far since the day he had left St. Dunstan's to return to his own home. In that environment, through lack of confidence, his lonely walks had previously taken him no further than the square in which his own house was situated and the streets immediately adjoining. Day by day, in his determination to make his world as wide as possible despite his affliction, he had extended his walks a little further, and this afternoon he had groped his way quite two blocks beyond the limits of his previous ventures.

Partly he guided himself by the tapping of his stick on the pavement, but more and more by the noises of the streets. Daily it was becoming easier to determine his exact position by the changing sounds of the traffic. Dulled footsteps and an occasional taxi grating on the gravel indicated the square; louder footsteps and the buzzing of the tires on wood-blocks told him of the side-street; whilst the ever-growing hum of vehicles and voices warned him of his approach to the main road. And there every shop had for him some special signal by which he could distinguish it from its neighbours. He could hear the greengrocer offering his wares in front of his shop, and knew that it was time to turn out from the wall to avoid the barrier of fruit and vegetable crates that jutted out upon the pavement. A little farther along he could identify the butcher's, the chemist's, and the confectioner's by their special odours. Each location was becoming known to him through other senses than the sight that was lost to him. The street corners, too, had their individual characteristics—the murmur from the inside of a public-house, the hooting of motor-horns, the clanging and jarring of stopping and starting vehicles.

But to-day all the familiar signs were curiously uncertain. The traffic seemed hushed and slow, and a kind of smokiness pervaded the air. He smiled when he realized the cause of his uncertainty, even when his nose and throat were beginning to smart and a cold clamminess

touched his face. A regular pea-soup fog! But, except that it muffled the familiar sounds, it could no longer interfere with his progress. That was one advantage he had over his fellows—he could find his way, while they stumbled about in the murk that blinded them.

The thought gave him new courage, and he stepped out towards home. He found the side-street. He supposed it was his street, but none of the old sounds were there to guide him. It must be right. He strode on. Yes, here was the square. He turned to the right. Only one more street to cross and he would be at home. He counted seventy steps as always, and then put out his stick to feel for the kerbstone at the corner. It was not there. He took a few steps forward—two—three—five—ten. Still no roadway. He turned in towards the railings, found them, followed them for ten, twenty, thirty yards. Still no break. He must have come down the wrong street. He must retrace his steps.

He followed the railing back along the way he had come, crossed the street, followed the railing on the other side. His house would be only forty steps this way. He counted the forty steps and turned into a gap in the railings. But, no, his house had five steps up to the door; the entrance to this one was flush with the pavement. Surely all the houses on his side of the square had steps. He went back two houses, then forward again, but all the entrances were flat. He must be on the wrong side of the square. He would try the other.

All the time not a sound to guide him, not a footstep, not even the muffled sound of a cab.

The cold and fog were beginning to affect his lungs. Some of the old pains were returning. The whole scene of his misfortune rushed back to his memory—the bursting shell that had torn his lungs, shattered his nerves, and robbed him of his sight. The horrors of the long months in hospital took possession of his mind.

At the other side of the square the same experience awaited him—all the houses just alike and quite unlike his own. He had better ask someone. But there was no one to ask. He could ring a door-bell—but no, it was a test! He must find his own way out. It was ridiculous for a blind man to lose himself in the fog.

Then he remembered that the gate of the square-

garden was exactly opposite his house. If he could find that, it would be easy to find the house.

He crossed the road, but the cold seemed to become more biting. It was affecting his nerves. He seemed to see lights and shadows—he, who had had no break in his darkness for years. Clammy horrors seemed to clutch at him. The drifting of the fog became rolling waves of poison gas. His ears began to ring. He wanted to scream. Then again he remembered that it was a test. At all costs he must hang on. At last he came to the gate. Now he was at home. He started across the road, but his steps only brought him back to one of the houses he had found on his previous tour, certainly not his own.

By this time he felt completely exhausted. The idea that he had failed to stand his test had become an obsession. He leaned feebly against the railings, trying to make up his mind to knock at the door.

As he stood thus, he heard for the first time footsteps coming towards him. He almost cried out, but he managed to pull himself together, and the words that actually came from his lips were:

"Please help me."

The steps he had heard were so firm that he thought they were a man's, but the voice which answered his appeal was a woman's, a rich deep voice, which seemed peculiarly warm and friendly in the isolation of the fog.

"Why, what is it? What is the matter?" it said.

"I am afraid I came rather too far," he stammered. "You see—I'm blind—and—and—it's rather ridiculous, but I seem to have lost myself in the fog."

Noticing his distress, which he could not keep out of his voice, she answered:

"Let me take your arm."

All idea of the "testing" had now left his mind. He felt absurdly weary and broken, only too glad to accept the kindly assistance offered to him from the darkness.

"I feel so foolish at losing myself," he said. "I should be so grateful if you would set me on my way to Fellowes Square."

"Of course I will," she replied, "but I am afraid it will be a case of the blind leading the blind—in this fog."

Her restful voice and gentle, confident manner, as she led him along, provoked in him an irresistible desire to

keep her with him as long as he could, and he was extraordinarily grateful when, noticing his weakness, she suggested that they should go to a confectioner's she knew of and get some tea to refresh him.

Inside the teashop, her soothing gentleness calmed him more and more, and before very long he found himself pouring out to her the whole story of himself, of his agonies, of his resolutions, and the soul-racking experience of this latest testing—a story which, up to now, he had confided to no living soul. As he finished, he felt himself gradually sink into a world of almost unbelievable peace.

The place was entirely deserted except for themselves, and there was no sound but the quiet rhythmic murmur of her voice. He felt, in the complete isolation of the fog and his own darkness, as if a spell had been woven about him, as if a spirit, in mystic accord with his own, were saying to him all the brave things which he had so longed to say to himself, but which he had found no words and no inspiration to formulate.

His composure was now completely restored, and he felt that at last he had courage to face the future, which, but a short hour before, had seemed utterly hopeless.

He had lost all consciousness of time and of his surroundings, when the altered tone of his companion's voice called him back to himself.

"It is getting late," he heard her saying, "and I must be going home. So, if you feel quite well now, I will set you safely on your way."

Still half-dazed, she led him out, and it was not until they had nearly reached his own square, to which she had twice asked the way from passers-by, that he realized where he was.

"You must not come any farther," he said.

"I will take you to the corner," she answered, "and then I must say good-bye."

As he took her hand and began to stammer his gratitude, he suddenly realized that he could not bear to let her pass out of his life—out into the darkness—like this. He asked her if he might not meet her again and begged to know her name, but she answered that both these things were impossible, not to be thought of.

"No, my dear friend," she said very gently. "Fate has made our paths to cross in the darkness of one dark day,

and if we are wise, we shall content ourselves with the memory of this interlude of light, and draw courage from it for the dark hours of the future. Let us be wise—and content. Good-bye."

He made a half-movement to follow her, as she left him; then stood motionless at the corner, listening, while her footsteps slowly faded into silence. He was just about to turn towards his own house, when suddenly he heard the urgent hooting of a motor-horn at the farther corner, the jarring of brakes hurriedly applied, a shout, a cry. Then a moment of deathly silence, the murmur of voices, the sound of running feet, more cries. For a moment his heart seemed to stop beating. What did it mean? He hurried up the street towards the sounds as fast as his halting steps would carry him. Some instinct spoke to him of tragedy. Could it be that his spirit friend from the shadows had come to some harm? As he reached the outskirts of the crowd, which had already gathered, he heard a voice say:

"Stand away, please," and then, after a pause, "Yes, you can take off your 'ats."

In an agony of fear he groped his way towards the voice.

"What has happened?" he asked.

"Lady just been run over by a taxi-cab. Miss Patterson, it was—the blind lady from Southwick Street. I never seen her as far from home as this before. Must have missed her way in the fog."

There was clearly nothing to be learned this way. If only she had told him her name! Still there was just a hope that the policeman might have seen them together.

"Was it the lady I was walking with just now?" he asked again.

"Might be able to tell you that, if I'd ever seen you before. How do you expect anybody to see anything in this blinkin' fog?"

He turned slowly, hesitatingly, homeward. Terror clutched his heart. He could never know; even though, while life lasted, he would be listening—listening for a voice that, perhaps, was stilled for ever; waiting for the touch of a hand that, perhaps, could never again come groping towards him from the shadows.

Youth and Party Politics

By Stella Johnson

(A Young Conservative Worker)

YOUNG men and women are, normally, optimists and idealists—optimists in believing that all men may be accepted at the value of their public utterances, idealists in knowing that those who believe that human nature and human conditions can be changed are the only people who are ever likely to change them.

Youthful idealism is the most powerful factor in existence for the building of a better world and a better England, and it is just such an enthusiastic driving force which is one of the most pressing needs of the Conservative Party to-day.

Yet we must face the fact that thousands of young men and women are joining the ranks of the Labour Party, and they are not drawn solely from the narrow-minded, self-seeking and unbalanced youth of the nation—they include a greater number, who, having done their best to win the war, realize that their work is not done but that there is an immediate job waiting for them in the political life of their country. They are genuinely inspired by the same spirit of comradeship and service as, in 1914, brought them unflinchingly to the aid of the Empire, and yet to-day many of them would call themselves Socialists. Why?

Is it not, possibly, because their enthusiasm prevents them from taking a sufficiently long-sighted view of our industrial, national and social conditions? They have taken the first big step in entering the political arena with a determination to help to right many existing wrongs. But, in their arduous haste, they have picked up the wrong weapons, too often because there were alluring Socialist influences near at hand persuading them that those weapons were the only ones equal to the accomplishment of their task.

We must not lose sight of the importance of that first step. Politics are greater than party politics. The young men and women who, because they desire to be of service to the community as a whole, are playing an active part

in the political affairs of their country are the only possible reserve from which any party can obtain fresh recruits. If that party is to become a living force for the betterment of mankind, "the end they aim at must be known before the way."

The second step into a world of constructive politics is the one that so many of these youthful politicians are unwilling to take. It is the attainment of the ability to distinguish between the idealism of Socialism and the idealism of Conservatism. Such an ability is only acquired by a level-headed examination of the practical problems of the day, a task that must tax the patience and intelligence of the most energetic enthusiast. Only then is it made clear that the part of Socialist idealism which is not maudlin sentimentality is identical with Conservative idealism—a universal brotherhood based on the spirit of service and the unrestricted development of the individual. "What is going on in England is not so much a struggle between ideals as a struggle between the means to achieve ideals which are common more or less to all thinking men and women." (The Prime Minister, January 29, 1925.)

The Conservative Party must capture these ardent idealists. But in the capture the most priceless gifts they have to offer—their ardour and their idealism—must not be destroyed. These qualities, working hand in hand with practical knowledge and a steady courage, can raise, not only a party, but a State and an Empire to a noble place in the world which it believes can be quietly improved.

Youthful politicians who, with short-sighted impetuosity, have become attracted by the crude economics and misconceived principles of Socialism, can be won to our party if we appeal to their instincts, their common-sense and, above all, to their idealism in the right way.

Firstly, it must be remembered that they regard their youth in itself as a great gift. It is only when we look upon that gift as a "defect" that, with an instinct of self-preservation, they may over-estimate its value, or, worse still, they may lose the confidence of glowing idealism. If its real worth is appreciated the young enthusiast is ready and eager to accept the guidance of

those of longer political experience. It is because Mr. Baldwin recognizes the value of the youth in the country to-day that so many young men and women are beginning to give their wholehearted support to the party of which he is the leader.

When their interest has been roused in our Party's fundamental principles, common sense will show them that an extensive knowledge of the political questions of the day is necessary if they, in their turn, are to influence others. They will realize that it is useless to talk glibly of "the preservation and development of our Empire," unless they can produce correct facts and figures on Imperial Preference to show how that development may be encouraged or can give accurate information showing the necessity for the Singapore Base if the safety of that Empire is to be preserved.

Finally, these young men and women must be convinced that, in renouncing Socialism in favour of Conservatism, they are joining a party which has its ideals too, although its members do not talk about them either loudly or frequently. There is too much work to be done to allow time for incessant oratorical outbursts—but the ideals are there just the same. Conservatism, however, is essentially practical. It knows that it can only accomplish its great task of raising humanity by constructive legislation based on a sympathetic understanding of the past with a vision of a better future.

Bare knowledge of political affairs is, in itself, of little value. Youthful idealism, without the restraining wisdom gained by past experience, may prove a dangerous acquisition. But when these two forces work hand-in-hand on democratic lines in the Conservative Party, then we shall be in a position permanently to sweep away the pernicious influences of Socialism from every corner of our great Empire.

[*Articles and letters from Young Conservatives are invited, and will be published monthly. As far as possible replies will be given to those expressing doubts and difficulties, either in the same, or succeeding number. Brevity will necessarily be taken into consideration in selecting those for publication.*]

Medical Methods in America and England

By Drury Pennington, M.B., B.C.(Cantab.)

At a time when the medical worlds of Great Britain, Canada, and America are fraternizing socially and professionally, a short review of some methods of practice obtaining on the two shores of the Atlantic might perhaps be opportune.

The confines of this paper do not admit of discursive treatment, but we might with profit concentrate on one essential difference, and debate its worth both to science and to the public. I refer more particularly to the practice of co-ordinated diagnosis, better known as the clinic system, which, for years, has met with general favour and acceptance in America, and I propose to weigh that system in the scales of common sense against our older method of individualism.

In view of the steady progress in scientific research, the growing incursion of the laboratory into the domain of the clinical worker, and especially the increase in the number of sub-divisions of the body into regional specialisms, I submit that the time has come not only for the profession, but for the lay public, to consider the various methods whereby their disabilities are analysed and treated. Technically, the subject is within the competence of any intelligent layman, indeed, it is less involved than are many of the legal problems set before a jury of laymen for decision.

What, then, is this clinic system? Essentially it consists of an institution organized by one man, whose high standing in the profession attracts patients, and who employs a number of subordinate specialists for the elucidation of the various problems by which he is confronted. Before treatment—by operation or otherwise—the patient is exhaustively examined by regional experts, who submit reports and thus enable their principal to

gain a more accurate insight into the case than is possible for a rival physician armed only with a stethoscope. Thus, at a slightly enhanced cost to the patient at the beginning, much expenditure of time and money in experimental and often futile treatment is saved.

This practice recognizes a fact too often forgotten, that the body is not divisible into watertight compartments, however necessary such subdivision may be to attain perfection in specialism.

In this country, with one exception, and apart from two or three private clinics run on American lines by individuals with paid subordinates, the hospitals are the only centres where co-ordinated work is attempted. Even here it is only the unusual case which is submitted to combined diagnosis, though increasing use is being made of both the X-ray and bacteriological departments in all cases. And this leads me to point to an ironical paradox. The hospital patient, who pays little or nothing, gets more efficient medical service than the man whose affluence is such that he may not seek help from the very hospital for whose upkeep he is insistently canvassed. More, he is called upon to pay for the services of an individual who, however erudite, cannot carry the load of detailed knowledge often so essential to a clear understanding of his case.

The very rich man can summon a number of specialists to the bedside and arrive at a common agreement as to diagnosis, but even here two possibilities of error creep in. One is that several of those so summoned have never worked together before, and thus each, though individually brilliant, is uncertain what exact weight to give to the opinion of his colleague. In short, group diagnosis, to be absolutely efficient, needs constant practice, and the weight of each component of opinion must be predetermined before the full value of an agreement is experienced by the patient. The other possibility of error lies in the fact, common to all human affairs, that where a number of men of equal individuality and skill are gathered together the element of competition—almost of jealousy—is apt to manifest itself as an undercurrent modifying a frank expression of opinion.

In group diagnosis the anxiety to excel as a group

eliminates both these factors, and gives the patient his best chance of hearing the true facts of his case.

It has been said that no group can ever attain the clinical insight into disease that is the chief asset of the brilliant individual, or, put in another way, no subordinate working on a salary for a clinic can ever give the personality to his work that comes to one whose object is to acquire repute for himself alone. This is true enough, but the remedy lies in the method whereby the clinic or group is formed. The ideal unquestionably is for a number of individuals, each a leader in his own branch, to work in one house. This procedure enables them to carry on their private work uninterruptedly, and yet be readily available for group work whenever occasion demands. They know each other intimately, and by constant association can learn to assess the value of their colleagues' opinions. But this system differs radically from the clinic system of America: there is no paymaster! Every man in the group constitutes the full weight of an independent opinion, and the resultant diagnosis is essentially a majority finding.

To turn once more to the prevailing system in this country; there is this distinct danger—that individuality in the practice of medicine tends to drive a man into a groove; he begins to suffer from a gradual shortsightedness towards those parts of the body that do not fall within his special province. Take, for instance, such a common disorder as chronic headache. This malady may rightly come within the province of the general physician, cardiologist, neurologist, or psychotherapeutist, the general, dental, aural, naso-pharyngeal or ophthalmic surgeon. A lucky chance may direct the patient to the right specialist, but the chances are eight to one against it! Be it said at once, the majority of these specialists would at once call in collateral aid should their own department discover no cause, but in so doing, they demonstrate the modern need for group diagnosis.

Thus we must acknowledge that on that other Atlantic shore they have been quicker to realize the inevitable changes that the advance of science is thrusting upon us. That this is so is in part due to the admitted fact that, though the United States can display as many Tritons

in their medical sea as we can ourselves, their minnows have, perhaps, a lower standard of knowledge and skill than their counterparts here—hence the Tritons of America have been stimulated to more rapid development by the greater demand on their skill.

One other point in comparing the work of the two countries deserves a passing note.

In this country we rightly disparage anything savouring of commercialism or advertisement of medical methods. This procedure, though serving a laudable purpose, carries one great disability from which our American colleague is free.

By the frank discussion of medical matters in the lay press the American doctor permits an insight into our difficulties whereby the public realize and more readily appreciate the ultimate altruism of our aims, with the result that while the American doctor can readily raise money for medical equipment, we have to labour to convince our public of our needs. The American is the further stimulated to expand because his public even recognize that the promoter of any advance should quite legitimately secure a fair personal return for his labours, while we are all too apt to point the finger of scorn at the man whose very human desire is to sweeten his labour by the hope of reward.

Thus common sense would appear to demand some new adaptation to modern diagnostic methods, and the best of such methods is the group system, whereby a number of independent specialists collaborate as a matter of routine practice.

Again, with reference to greater frankness in medical affairs, it is still debatable whether the American system does not in the long run make for greater strides in scientific achievement, because money for research is more accessible, even though such methods may open the door to much blatant self-advertisement.

Vaccination

By W. R. Hadwen, M.D., J.P.

*[In publishing this reply to Dr. Dundas Irvine, we accept no responsibility for the views expressed by Dr. Hadwen.—*Ed. E. R.*]*

In an article which appears in the June issue of the English Review, a medical man applies the terms "foolish and ignorant," "ignorant and untaught," &c., to the opponents of vaccination. This contemptuous method of dealing with a class that has included Herbert Spencer, Alfred Russel Wallace, Dr. Charles Creighton, Professor Crookshank, a certain number of practising medical men and lay people of the calibre of Florence Nightingale and George Bernard Shaw can only be attributed to a one-sided study of the subject.

"The continuous increase in the incidence of small-pox," the writer remarks, "is of a very alarming nature." One finds it difficult to reconcile the statement with the statistics he furnishes, which show smallpox (or para-small-pox as some call it) to be far less prevalent than other zymotics; and he does not reveal the fact that it is *without a death-rate!*

There are few medical men living at the present time who have been associated with smallpox in this country and abroad more than I have, and if the "small-pox" which is now appearing in several parts of the kingdom is (as it appears to be) similar to the "small-pox" that we had in Gloucester in 1923 which, through official interference and gross misrepresentation in the Press caused so much needless alarm outside, then I have no hesitation in saying that it is not smallpox at all.

During the last half-year of 1924, of which we have the official returns, there were 1,317 deaths from measles, 12,381 from pneumonia, 426 from scarlet fever, 1,205 from diphtheria, 2,145 from influenza, and not a word of "alarm" is raised about this death toll; but directly a harmless skin eruption appears (responsible during the same period for only three deaths, in two of which it

was associated with another and more serious condition), which the current medical fashion of the day dignifies by the name of "smallpox," the country is thrown into a ferment, and wholesale vaccination is urged.

No justification has yet been shown for this excitement; there has been no fulfilment of prophecies of "decimation of the unvaccinated population" which have been uttered for the last twenty years, nor is there likely to be. To those of us who have kept a level head, it is a very amusing comedy. But tragedy lies in the fact that the public has to pay for these extravagances. And the price—in vaccination fees, in official salaries, in the erection and furnishing of unnecessary isolation hospitals, in the manufacture of calf lymph, and in the engagement of an endless number of officials of every description—is a very heavy one. We found that out in Gloucester during the official scaremongering of eighteen months ago.

Dr. L. C. Dundas Irvine says the doctors "would make nothing out of a smallpox epidemic," and that in advocating vaccination they are "arguing against their pockets." Let him then be assured of my sincerity. But his statement hardly tallies with the recent revelation at Chesterfield where the public vaccinator made some £53 in a few hours! In Gloucester in 1923 the fees alone chargeable to the public rates ran into a good many hundreds.

"The crux of the whole matter" Dr. Irvine decides, is the question: "Is vaccination no protection against smallpox?" I maintain, on the contrary, that a more important question is, "Whether it be worth while to risk injury to health, and even death from vaccination, in the hope of gaining protection against a disease that has, under present sanitary conditions, no death-rate?"

But my answer to Dr. Irvine's question is a decided negative! I, personally, so far as I know, have never been vaccinated. During the real smallpox epidemic in Gloucester in 1895-6 the man appointed to distribute Poor Law relief to the smallpox houses, refused to be vaccinated, and as no re-vaccinated person could be found with courage enough to take his place when he was threatened with discharge for disobeying the order

to submit to the rite, he continued his work to the end without contracting smallpox. The man who drove the patients from their homes to the isolation hospital, as well as the man who carried the infected bedding to the disinfecting apparatus, and even the charge-nurse who attended the patients in the isolation hospital during the earliest and worst period, all refused to be vaccinated, yet none contracted the disease. Although there was a holocaust of child victims due to insanitation in schools and hospital, yet ten thousand unvaccinated children within the confines of this small city passed through the epidemic unscathed. Upon the other hand, of the 1,979 persons attacked with smallpox no fewer than 1,211—nearly two thirds—had been vaccinated.

Dr. Irvine deals with the pathology of smallpox. He states that there is "something in common between all infectious diseases" and that something is that "they are all caused by germs." He alludes to those who do not acccept this theory as "cranks," and remarks that "it is quite impossible to argue with this type of mind!" His difficulty appears to be that the crank wants to argue, that is, he asks that assertions should be proved.

Ignoring the "crank," Dr. Irvine quotes the postulates which Koch informed Pasteur must be complied with before a germ could be claimed as the causal organism of a specific disease, but at the same time admits that in "many of the acute diseases," including smallpox, the germ itself cannot be found at all! This playing of Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark creates no difficulty, however, to the "savant"; it is enough for him to say of the alleged smallpox germ that "the finest filter cannot catch it, it has defied all attempts to grow." It is, in fact, taken on faith by the "scientific mind." Sir David Bruce, in his evidence before the Royal Commission on Vivisection (Q. 14413), described this same "scientific mind" as "that particular thing which the gods give a man to enable him to do scientific work." It is a very valuable commodity to fall back upon when theories do not fit in with facts.

Dr. Irvine, however, gives a list of diseases where, he says, the germ of origin has been positively discovered and identified, from which he draws the conclusion

that smallpox must likewise originate from a germ. It is a very unfortunate list that he provides as the basis of his theory, viz. :—"Tubercle, diphtheria, typhoid, tetanus, anthrax, and many another." Let us look at those named.

Tuberculosis :—The tubercle bacillus, so far as I know, has never been found in the earliest stages of the disease; how then can it be proved to cause tuberculosis? Dr. Muthu of the Mendip Hills Sanatorium in his elaborate work on Tuberculosis declares that he found it absent in 30 per cent. of his cases. Sir St. Clair Thompson in "Tubercle," October, 1919, records a case in which no tubercle bacillus could be found. Moreover, other bacilli, such as the Timothy Grass bacillus and the Smegma bacillus, which are admitted to be quite harmless, and are found in myriads about every dairy, cannot be distinguished by any test from the reputed genuine germ.

Diphtheria.—It is acknowledged in all standard medical works that the Klebs-Löffler bacillus can be found in healthy throats as well as in every kind of sore throat; whereas Löffler himself found it absent in 25 per cent. of genuine cases of diphtheria.

Typhoid.—The so-called typhoid bacillus is the common inhabitant of every alimentary canal. Dr. Thresh, M.O.H., told the jury in the Malvern Hydro case that he had accidentally swallowed a wineglassful of typhoid bacilli in pure culture and was none the worse for it.

Tetanus.—Bienstock swallowed tetanus bacilli for three weeks with the soil of his strawberry beds, but failed to produce tetanus. Gardeners seldom get tetanus. Dr. Leonard Hill has stated in his Report to the Research Committee that tetanus and gas gangrene bacilli, washed clean and injected, are "innocuous."

Anthrax.—The Medical Inspector of the Factory Department of the Home Office states in his Official Report, 1906, that cases occur without the bacillus being found, and Professor Stockman told the Royal Commission (Q. 2670) that there is "great dubiety" in establishing the diagnosis of anthrax, and that (Q. 3120–4) it is difficult to find bacilli until some time after death—

pointing to the fact that germs are the result of the disease rather than its cause.

Thus, then, the "first principles" upon which Dr. Irvine bases his theories about vaccination are actually without foundation. In fact, the Editor of the *Lancet* showed, in his issue of March 20, 1909, the utter fallacy in arguing from Koch's postulates as proof of a causal organism. He wrote as follows:

> It is not at all rare to fail to find the causal organism in an individual case of the disease, and the explanation usually given is that the search has not been as yet sufficiently thorough. Again, many organisms which are considered to be causal, are frequently to be found in healthy persons. The organisms of enteric fever, of cholera, and of diphtheria may be cited as examples of this, and to explain these facts we have to invoke the idea of healthy "carriers" of disease. When a causal organism is injected into an animal, often it happens that it gives rise to a disease bearing no clinical resemblance to the original malady. When the pneumo-coccus, isolated from a typical case of pneumonia, is injected into an animal such as a rabbit, it will produce, not a pneumonia, but a general septicæmia, and this even if the injection is made into the lung itself. Thus we cannot rely upon Koch's postulates as a decisive test of a causal organism.

This shatters to pieces all theorising that rests upon Koch's postulates.

Dr. Irvine propounds at some length the fantastic Metchnikoffian theory of phagocytosis, as if it were, like Cæsar's wife, beyond suspicion; describing an alleged protective mechanism of the body produced by the formation in the blood of what is called an anti-body, which latter is said to remain in the blood to a greater or less degree during the lifetime of the individual. All this is pure assumption and contrary to historical facts; as this mysterious anti-body has never yet been isolated, nor its presence proved, it must remain open to the charge of being but a figment of the "scientific" imagination.

Referring to Pasteur, the writer says, "By his development of the germ theory thousands of lives have been saved and are being saved every year from a particularly agonizing and horrible death." It is not clear whether the reference is to the germ of hydrophobia, which, like smallpox, has never been identified, or to so-called germ diseases in general. Some of us would be quite satisfied with proof that one single life has ever been saved by Pasteur's "development of the germ theory"; in surgery, in medicine, and in sanitary science, there have always

been those who ignored it (e.g. Tait, Bantock and Savory, in their opposition to antiseptics, shared, strange to say, by Sir Almroth Wright, Chadwick and his followers, etc.).

Perhaps the most amazing statement in Dr. Irvine's article is that "smallpox attacks cattle." I have had considerable experience, but I have never yet seen or heard of cattle being attacked by smallpox, nor has proof of such an assertion ever been provided. It is as devoid of foundation as the statement which immediately follows, namely, "vaccination, or the protection of cowpox, does, has done, and will, protect absolutely and every time against an attack of smallpox."

When Brigade-Surgeon Nash was examined before the Royal Commission he agreed (Q. 3559) that army vaccination and re-vaccination was as perfect as endeavours could make it, and yet he handed in a list of 3,953 cases of smallpox with 391 deaths! Epidemics practically always commence with vaccinated persons, and the majority of the sufferers are of the vaccinated class. But the blind advocates of vaccination notice it not; a thrice vaccinated vicar contracted it the other day, and "the outbreak," which the Press amusingly informed us was "being kept under control," consisted of that well "protected" unit!

"There recently appeared in the *Times*," says the writer, "a letter from one of the anti-vaccinators, which repeated the usual misstatements regarding the effects of vaccination, but added the outrageous assertion that the calf-lymph used is contaminated with syphilis." I did not see that letter, and I am not sure that the alleged "assertion" is correctly reported. I myself have written a good deal on this subject; I have never said that "calf lymph is contaminated with syphilis," but I have said, and I repeat, that the only disease to which cowpox bears analogy *is* syphilis, and that the foul ulceration of the cow's udder which is called cowpox bears no analogy to smallpox. This can be proved beyond all contradiction.

Dr. Irvine, describing the fate of the unhappy calves used for the production of calf lymph, writes that "they are insured against ever being killed or eaten." He is misinformed; according to the reply given by Sir Alfred Mond to a question in Parliament on July 14, 1921, the carcases are "sold for food."

VACCINATION

Small-pox is an epidemic disease. It comes like all epidemics, and passes away after using up the susceptible material. The last big epidemic occurred in 1871–2, when the country was vaccinated up to 97½ per cent. of its population. Since then we have had the Public Health Act, and considerably more than half the population is "unprotected." What is the result? Between 1871 and 1880 there were 57,046 smallpox deaths, between 1911 and 1920 there were only 140.

For years past, more have died from vaccination than from smallpox.

Sir Edwin Chadwick, the veteran sanitarian, has well said:

> Smallpox, typhus and other fevers, occur in common conditions of foul air, stagnant putrefaction, bad house drainage, sewers of deposit, excrement sodden sites, filthy street surfaces, impure water and overcrowding, and the entire removal of such conditions is the effectual preventive of diseases of these species, whether in ordinary or extraordinary visitations.

Black death, plague, sweating sickness, cholera, typhus —all have vanished from our country without any vaccination. So, in reality, has smallpox.

Vaccination had its birth in superstition. It was the crude cowpox legend of the Gloucestershire dairymaids that Edward Jenner introduced to the medical profession. It remains a legend still. All attempts to place it upon a scientific foundation have failed. By misrepresentations its so-called "discoverer" (for Jenner was not the first vaccinator, as students of the subject know) obtained £30,000 from the British Government; every statement he made, by which he secured this sum, has proved to be false. But for the endowments and emoluments connected with this useless, uncleanly, and dangerous superstition (which prevent investigation, rather than foster insincerity, of which I accuse no one), it would have been long ago buried out of sight with all the other fables of the period in which it flourished.

Our Industrial Position and German Competition

By Sir Philip Dawson, M.P.

THE future of this country depends upon its industries being in a position to compete in the markets of the world. For which reason modernization of our factories and processes of production, especially with respect to the heavy industries, is essential—one of the first steps to be taken being undoubtedly the wider application of electrification in industry and to our transport system. But this is not all.

German industrials and German engineers, in view of the fact that so much of their requisite raw material had to be imported, have always directed their main efforts towards devising new methods whereby to secure the greatest economy in utilization. Immense saving in the costs of production has been the result—notably in the steel and iron industries.

More scientific handling of fuel by the recovery of by-products, an extended use of brown coal, improvements in the actual means of production from wider general adoption of electrical methods, and of the latest American appliances in so far as they could be adapted to German conditions, are bedrock reasons for Germany's present leap towards industrial rehabilitation.

Raw material is plentiful in the United States, but there is a shortage of labour, and it is very costly. Hence the introduction of all kinds of labour-saving machinery, with less attention to economy in the use of materials or to high efficiency in utilization.

If Great Britain is to compete successfully with the United States, more particularly with Germany, we must —systematically and thoroughly—economize in both material and labour. The road to success lies in improving our own industry, and not in protesting against foreign firms who through greater efficiency or enterprise obtain

orders here or in competition with us abroad. The recent outcry with respect to the placing of the contracts by Messrs. Furness Withy for motor ships in Germany has been useful in opening the eyes of the people in this country to the need of improving our methods and cheapening our costs of production, but it has also had the effect of advertising to prospective foreign purchasers the fact that some German shipping-yards are able to quote lower prices and give quicker deliveries than we, especially in this particular class of vessel, demand for which is certain to increase.

It was not merely the lower wages or longer working hours obtaining in Germany which enabled the Deutsche Werft so materially to underbid our shipbuilders, but in the first place the very modern equipment of this yard—installed since the war for the express purpose of building motor ships under the firm conviction that the future would see immense development in this direction. Next must be taken into account the close connection of the concern with those which make the steel sections, plates, and castings; thirdly, the fact of the standardization of design and the processes of manufacture and assembling. Finally—and above all—there was the powerful factor of the Deutsche Werft's association with the A.E.G. which produces the Diesel engines. This company has put up works for the manufacture of the marine Diesel engine as originated by Messrs. Bourmaeister and Wain, of Copenhagen, and has now standardized production to such an extent that there are large numbers of cylinders and other parts constantly in construction for stock orders. Not only, therefore, can quick delivery be guaranteed, but there are no development costs to add to the engine prices.

Can nothing be done to curtail competition so ruinous to our trade? The answer to this question is not an easy one. The war has greatly increased the productive capacity of the world. Not only have existing works been enlarged and new ones built up in so-called industrial countries, but nations whose demands were formerly met by importation have learnt to supply their own wants, erecting their own factories for this purpose. According to the best informed authorities the productive capacity

of the world to-day is from 50 to 60 per cent. greater than it was, but whereas the need for goods is certainly as great, the purchasing power of all the countries implicated in the war has considerably decreased, whilst others, such as Russia and China have, for the time being, practically ceased to buy. In order not to lose their assets and throw vast numbers of people out of employ, existing works have to continue to produce and to dispose of their goods as long as they can afford to do so—naturally at ruinously low prices. The result is world-wide cut-throat competition.

Lowering the costs and at the same time standardizing production is the only way to stimulate the world's demand.

Standing charges must be reduced by the fusion of competing interests, so as to minimize the expenses connected with selling organization, advertisement, designing, and supervision.

A more general application of modern electrical methods in our factories, and especially on our railways, is also necessary; and steps must be taken to prevent the results of modernization being frustrated by obstructive trade union regulations. Swiss industry, during the last few years, was saved from destruction in great measure by the orders placed by the Swiss Government in connection with the wholesale electrification of the State railways. Large and comprehensive schemes of main line electrification, if carried out in this country, would materially assist the position of our heavy industries. Experience abroad shows that there are various lines here where electrification would result in the securing of a reasonable dividend, and in all such cases the work ought to be put in hand at once, and the Government should assist by guaranteeing the companies against loss over a period of years. The probabilities are that no such guarantee would ever be called upon, but if it were, the amount of money saved by the reduction of unemployment would more than compensate the outlay. At any rate, unless some such mode of backing is adopted nothing in this direction will ever be done.

Co-operation with German industry, more particularly as regards the introduction of those modernized systems

of electricity in which they have gained such wide experience, could easily be effected. Such co-operation, whilst it might mean that certain portions of plant were manufactured abroad, would definitely help to prevent the present cut-throat competition, and in the end probably result in fewer orders leaving this country. The prices, moreover, accruing to our industries would be considerably improved. Not that these would necessarily be raised. Obviously, however, production on a larger scale, and the fact that our works were filled over a period of years in such a manner as to enable an economical scheme of continuous production to be laid down, would automatically reduce the cost of the finished article. Great developments are meanwhile possible imperially in the way of new harbours, railways, and roads, together with increased application of hydro-electric power, and the expansion of mining. If only British enterprise to-day will take the opportunities offered, there are new and wide fields awaiting development in Poland and the Baltic States, Yugo-Slavia, Austria, Hungary, and Turkey.

Germany has her representatives in every quarter of the globe; there is scarcely a project of any kind which she has not investigated with her well-known thoroughness. But for the war her industrialists, with the co-operation of her banks, would now be developing these. Why should we not develop them ourselves, or in co-operation with German firms, where they have already obtained a foothold or are prepared to guarantee results—guarantees which they are in a position to offer, owing to their pre-war local experience? New methods must be adopted to deal with new problems. We should carefully examine those by which Germany created her vast pre-war enterprises. Why should we not follow her lead and successful policy abroad by the formation of local companies, in which the people of the country would be financially interested, and on the Boards of which nationals would act as directors, thus assuring their personal interest in the success of the undertaking? Our manufacturers should be more ready to meet local requirements and to adjust British to foreign methods; their representatives should be men who know the language of the country, or be able at least to speak German,

with a specific knowledge of the region in which their work lies. British manufacturers are too often at no pains to inform themselves with respect to the foreign firms who are anxious to do business with them—frequently not even taking the trouble to send in quotations. British terms of payment are extremely rigid, and withal there is an extraordinary lack of keenness to secure the prospective business. German firms, on the other hand, have always consistently investigated local requirements in any contemplated field of activity, studying in detail the needs of potential customers. A concrete example of the contrast in working of the two policies is afforded by what occurred not long since in South America. A tramway required rails to match those already installed, which were of the American Loraine section. No British rolling mill was prepared to roll this section. It was not a very expensive matter to lay down the required rolls, and Belgian and German mills will always undertake such a job. Not until the British manufacturers found that from their hesitation they were losing orders on a considerable scale did they consent to put down these rolls; meantime much business contingent upon the undertaking had gone elsewhere.

German organization, so thorough and strict, is another of the causes contributing to success. For it has meant great concentration of strength. The Commercial Secretary to the German Legation in London, Dr. Wendler, recently gave a most interesting address to the Commercial Society of the City of London School, in which he referred directly to this point.

> Side by side with the Economic Parliament provided by the constitution stood the many ramifications of the professional and local organizations of industry, trade, and labour, and further, those mighty combines, the best known of which bore the name of the late Hugo Stinnes. There was hardly a branch of industry which had not been seized by the general tendency of forming combines—i.e. of concentrating forces. A third and, probably, the most powerful asset of German economy was the natural assiduity and industry of German people. The normal German was devoted to his work in quite an extraordinary manner, and as a rule he carried this devotion to such an extent that little time was left over for other aspects of life. The owners of a business or its principal officials who regarded their day's work to be finished after eight hours' activity were certainly among the exceptions. The labourer who, when need arose, declared his readiness to work rather longer than the eight hours, knew perfectly well that his chief or director devoted even more time to the prosperous advancement

of the business than he was asked to do himself. One must bear these psychological factors in mind when one hears of the exploitation of the workers. Every worker knew that the extending working hours were an urgent necessity during the transition to normal conditions.

British manufacturers and workers should consider these statements, for their truth is incontestable.

British workmanship is still *de facto* unchallenged; British creative genius ranks with the highest—although more often than not the worth of British inventions is left to be appreciated by foreigners, as we know to our cost at this moment with respect to coal tar dyes, William Perkin's discovery passing into German hands for want of encouragement and support.

The fact, however, must be faced that once conditions are fully stabilized in Germany—and they must be for the sake of the peace of the world—she will occupy an exceptionally good position in the matter of competition. She must, indeed, capture the world's markets unless steps are taken to make it worth her while not to do so—steps which could not have been taken before the war, but to-day are possible, and which would prove of mutual advantage to all concerned.

The Passing of The Dingo

By L. St. Clare Grondona

PETER was footsore and weary. The day seemed interminable, not only to Peter, but to the other dogs, and to their masters. A pitiless sun glared out of a cloudless sky. The dry air was thick with fine dust, which aided the out-back Australian tropical heat in parching the throats of man and beast alike. It was the second day in the traversing of a "dry stage" on a hundred-and-fifty mile sheep droving trip in Central Queensland.

An ill-timed bush fire had destroyed a large area of grass on Sefton Downs Station, and fifteen thousand sheep had hurriedly to be droved northward to another property which had reserve pastures. The stock route through the intervening country had this one dry stage over which sheep and horses needed to be without water for about thirty-six hours. A small supply was carried on the cook's wagonette in a twenty-gallon iron tank, and this had to provide for the necessities of ten men and as many dogs—an amplitude in winter but, with the sun driving the mercury to register over 100° Fahr. shade heat, it meant strict economy and rationing. Each drover had filled his canvas water-bag—strapped collar fashion about his horse's neck—before the sheep had moved off camp at dawn.

Peter was Bill Tucker's dog. Bill was the drover boss, and, to his mind, Peter was the only dog in the world. He was a little fellow, about the size of a fox, short-haired, and of lean, muscular build, of a type that has been bred to withstand heat; that is able to disregard grass seeds, which a long-haired collie could never do, and to work hard. To-day he had worked harder than ever before. The panting sheep were tired and difficult to keep on the move; their dusty tongues lolled from drooped heads; they wanted to lie down to rest until the cool of evening.

Upon the drover boss rested the responsibility of negotiating this dry stage of the journey. It was more difficult than he had anticipated, and he was not quite so

considerate of Peter as usual. Twice during the long forenoon, he had broached his water-bag—not for himself, excepting for a mere mouthful, but for the dog. He had placed his broad-brimmed hat crown upmost upon the ground and, denting it to form a little cavity, had poured out about a cupful of the precious liquid for Peter's refreshment. And Peter, whose job it was constantly to run about, constantly to bark, and constantly to draw the lime-like dust into his lungs, sadly needed that water.

They had rested for two hours from midday, and now, at about three o'clock, the sheep were more than ever difficult to move. For every half-mile they progressed, Peter surely ran five miles.

Because Tucker was responsible that no stragglers remained behind among the low bushes that interspersed the long dry Mitchell grass, he was always in the extreme rear, and so was Peter. They got the full benefit of the dust cloud that hovered pall-like over the flock. Sixty thousand trotters, listless though they be, raise a power of dust. But, if Tucker had to carry the responsibility, it was to Peter that the heaviest work of the outfit fell.

And so it was that he was footsore and weary. Each time he was near his master he looked enquiringly at the water-bag and barked suggestively; but there was little water left, after the requirements of lunch had been met, and it had to be reserved. "I'll give him what there is at half-past four," thought Tucker, "that ought to see him through till we make camp." But he could not explain this to Peter. "Damn those sheep," he swore, "get away back there," and he waved his hand to the left rear, where about fifty animals were making ready to settle down in the scanty shade of some silver gidyea trees. The dog, a little resentful, loped off and did what was required of him.

Then Peter decided that *he* would steal a short rest. He threw himself flat upon the (comparatively) cool earth, close to a tree-trunk, feeling rather guilty, but in delight at the few minutes' respite to overtaxed muscles.

A sharp whistle brought him to his feet. A voice with a note of anger in it shouted, "Get over there, what the devil d'you mean by lagging back?"

But, a little later, Peter lagged back again, and he was cowed when Tucker raged at him. The joy of obedience went out of him, and for the first time in his life Peter sulked; and, for the first time in *his* life, the rather overwrought Tucker swore fiercely at the dog, and he cracked his stock-whip viciously within a few feet of Peter's tail. This was too much even for Peter's loyalty and (normally) unswerving devotion. But the circumstances were distinctly abnormal. The boss's disregard of Peter's weariness, the boss's threatening voice, and the realization that a whip crack had been resorted to to spur *him* on, inflamed Peter's canine resentment.

Next time he lagged back, it was with stealth; when Tucker's attention was distracted, the dog slunk into the midst of one of the many clumps of bushes that dotted the plain. The boss's whistles and shouts were ignored. Peter would teach him a lesson. Tucker cantered back, searching in vain; his calls, first angry, then cajoling; but Peter lay still. The fretful baaing of the sheep, the hoarse shouts of the men and their whip cracks, and the tired barks of the other dogs faded gradually into the distance.

It may here be said that Bill Tucker, very thirsty though he was, did not drain the contents of the canvas bag himself. Peter would surely follow on, and would then be regaled with all the water that was left.

It may, also, here be recorded that, despite his resentment, Peter intended, after a short rest, to follow up the flock, which he would soon be able to overhaul. No thought, no instinct, at that stage, occurred to, or prompted him to do otherwise.

. . . . . .

When Peter awoke, it was cool evening. He came out of his hiding-place, yawned, stretched, and then stood still, listening. Head raised, he sniffed the breeze. Rested he surely was, but stiff, hungry, and desperately thirsty. Surely there must be water somewhere in the locality. He would find it, drink his fill and then follow up the flock—and Tucker. His sniffing of the light breeze was not encouraging; but, instinctively, he trotted off in an easterly direction, towards the rocky hills, that in æons past had been the vertebræ of the great North-south dividing range, rugged hills that fringed the open

downs many miles to the east, and which marked the line whence the rivers flowed eastward to the Pacific, or westward to the great interior of the vast island continent.

Far into the night Peter trotted eastward. The sparsely-wooded downs gave place to country more thickly clothed with trees, not the silver gidyeas of the open plains, but eucalypts, of that type which does not grow far from water. But there had been little rain as yet that season, and the creek beds were dry. Occasionally the dog paused and sniffed the breeze that drove westward. At last, gratefully, he smelt water, and, before long, he came to a rock-well hidden at the foot of the hills, a well one side of which sloped so as to give easy access to it. Peter lapping, gulping, slid into the cool pool, and swam joyously in little rings, lapping the while.

Then, after the manner of all dogs, he rolled delightedly amid the sand, grass, and fallen leaves. Then he barked sharply, a gleeful bark. But a great stillness hung over the bush, and the bark came back to him in echoes. One great fact obsessed Peter; he was hungry, amazingly hungry. Never in his life had he been without food so late into the night, never had he been required to forage for himself; but, surely, he could do so now. There were sheep hereabouts, but no good drover's dog would ever dream of killing a sheep. There were wallabies, which he would gladly have killed, but they were too fleet; opossums, too, there were, that would wait at the base of a tree till he was quite close to them, but which showed remarkable agility in scrambling up the trunk in good time to escape.

A product of generations of canine domesticity, Peter was ill-equipped to forage for himself. Suddenly, an ever-so-welcome odour faintly tickled his nostrils—an odour of fresh mutton. Peter followed it up and in a few moments he had come upon a freshly-killed sheep. The skin was rent from the neck, and the shoulder was laid bare. Peter had never sampled warm, almost live, flesh before, nor had he tasted fresh blood—his master had seen to that. But it smelt good—it tasted better. Peter ate, tearing the flesh and licking the blood with unwonted relish, almost with ferocity. But even such an appetite as his was soon sated. His inner dog, or that part of his

inner dog which had strenuously demanded attention, had been—attended to. Peter's thoughts—and I want you to feel that Peter *did think*—now turned to Tucker, to his friend.

He would soon overtake the flock; instinctively he would find it, and Tucker would be overjoyed to see him. Forgotten were the angry words; forgotten, even, was the whip crack.

He had another roll—against the carcass of the sheep this time—and some of the fresh blood stuck to his hair, and the odour of it remained in his nostrils. Why did he not at once set out northward? What was the subtle something that held him? Why did he instead soon sit down and, putting his nose into the air, give a long-drawn howl which—as the bark had done, only with more intensity—reverberated among the cave-riddled range and came back to him in echoes. Again his long-drawn howl pierced the grim solitude . . . and came back to him in echoes.

Suddenly, Peter stood up, tense, alert. A wild thing had come from behind a fallen tree, a wild thing like unto himself, or nearly like him. The dingo was to windward, forepaw lifted, twenty yards distant, head and tail at level, eyes fixed on his—and not wavering.*

Peter, with other domestic dogs, had often hunted dingoes; once he had helped to kill one. But now . . . his hair bristled, he growled menacingly, but he stood still, afraid. Not so the dingo. Although she knew what it meant to be hunted by domestic dogs, she was strangely unafraid. Cautiously she advanced.

A mopoke owl hooted in the tree-tops; his mate answered from a neighbouring tree. An opossum on a low branch vented his sentiments in a guttural growl; *his* mate answered from on high. Two curlews wailed in mournful unison in the distance.

Peter stood his ground, fascinated . . . Bill Tucker was in another world, a world far away. The dingo advanced. Peter growled and showed his fangs, but his

* Dingoes are the native wild dogs of Australia. They are said to be the sole surviving representatives of the original canine species. Prior to the advent of white men they subsisted on the native fauna; but they now destroy a great many sheep on the remote pastoral stations. Dingoes usually hunt singly or in pairs, seldom in packs.

attitude was one of defence, not of offence. The dingo was in her own demesne. Peter was the intruder . . . but a few feet now separated them. Closer still she came. Peter was on the point of bolting, but, of a sudden, the dingo's lithe little body relaxed and she cowered before the intruder. Peter's dignity here reasserted its proper self . . . he was master of the situation. Their noses touched. Presently, they trotted off together into the mountain fastnesses.

. . . . . .

And thus it is that there are few true dingoes, even in the most remote solitudes of the grey Australian bush.*

* The foliage of Australian trees is almost invariably of greyish hues. The vivid greenness of the deciduous trees of England is never seen in the bush of the Island Continent.

Fairy Song

By M. C. L.

Oh, Life's a very frail thing,
And very swift to pass;
And Love is but a pale thing,
And breakable as glass.
But dreams are very long things
That live when life is past;
And visions very strong things
That conquer love at last.

American Glimpses*

IX.—Law in America

By William A. Robson

No one has ever satisfactorily described the nature of law, though innumerable writers have made the attempt. It has been said that law is custom, that law is habit, that law is the accumulated wisdom of the ages, that law in a democracy is the collective will of the people. During my stay in America I often thought about these inadequate explanations of the great force which dominates our life in society. For in the United States there are some very remarkable phenomena to be observed in connection with the subject.

You have, on the one hand, a striking display on a not inconsiderable scale of lawlessness in regard to quite elementary matters. There are the continual lynchings —fifty or sixty every year; there are incidents such as the Herrin massacre, in which twenty-seven men were killed during a coal strike; there are the frequent activities of the Ku Klux Klan; there are the race riots and events such as the Colorado Labour war; there are scandals such as the régime of a recent Governor of Oklahoma, who, during four years of office, pardoned or let out on parole 1,459 prisoners convicted by due process of law of various criminal acts, including murder, rape and arson. Thus you have in some quarters a contempt for law and a violent disregard for its authority, coupled with an inability to enforce even the rudimentary elements of a criminal code.

On the other hand you have, alongside of all this, in many places the most experimental legislation in the world. In certain States, that is to say, attempts are made to regulate by statute the conduct of human beings in regard to matters which in England we should regard as being altogether outside the sphere of law. Thus, for

* Copyright in U.S.A.

example, there is the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution, there is the anti-cigarette law in Kansas, the anti-smoking law in Utah, and the no-tipping law in Mississippi. There is, in Kentucky and elsewhere, a serious attempt to prohibit the teaching of the Darwinian theory of evolution by means of a legislative act; and in the State of New York the Senate actually passed, by a vote of 35 to 9, the "Higgins Patriotic Text Book Bill," which aims at compelling by law educational boards to use only text-books which glorify certain incidents in American history. And there is the Kansas Industrial Court, which attempts to make industrial arbitration compulsory.

Thus you have on the one hand a disregard for the authority of law in certain parts of America, and on the other hand a tremendous belief in its efficaciousness as a method of controlling all manner of things which are usually thought to be outside its province. Even more curious is the way in which Federalism operates as regards the area over which a law shall extend. Thus, in practice, it works out that the question of whether an American citizen shall or shall not be lawfully allowed to drink a bottle of beer is a matter of Nation-wide importance entailing Federal legislation; whereas the marriage laws are decided by local autonomy and involve only State legislation.

Death as a Punishment

By Ernest Bowen-Rowlands

THE controversy which arose early last year on the publication of my book *Judgment of Death* continues its course in unabated strength and in even greater volume.

Indeed, in all probability there are not many thinking persons in England and Wales who have not, in their concern for the well-being of the State, either cursorily or in detail recently considered whether death as a State punishment for wrong doing is or is not justifiable.

And this is a matter of both special and general interest; special in that many of the controversialists have done me the honour to employ my arguments, illustrations, and method, often using my very words, without condescending to a gracious tribute of acknowledgment; general because it betokens a popular awakening to the importance of a problem which is not, either directly or mediately, connected with the processes of a commercial undertaking.

And the controversy is also remarkable for yet another public benefit that it has produced; for it has made clear, day by day, that the overwhelmingly large majority of citizens of this State are agreed that any kind of State punishment, whether it be directly physical or not, must find its justification in its potentiality of deterrence.

This fact denotes a considerable advance in the popular appreciation of the true basic principle of penology, and proving, as it does prove, that a large section of the community has appreciated the nature and object of State punishment it cannot be over-estimated in respect of its beneficial tendency. It is, however, clear that all the controversialists are not in accord in this matter, and that has also been demonstrated in the course of the controversy.

There are still many intelligent persons among us who affect strange beliefs; many who assert that what the

majority calls a "criminal" is merely a madman whose moral obliquity—if any—is in inverse proportion to the magnitude of his offence, who, in short, is an unfortunate creature who should be caressed by theorists and not tortured by lecturers in what is still technically termed a "prison." Others there are who have adopted the Freudian theory of conscious unconsciousness (?), and have blended it with the concept of irresistible impulse to form a crowning absurdity of irresponsibility.

And there are other varieties of—— I had nearly written cranks, but luckily I stopped my pen in time, for these controversialists need sympathetic correction and not abuse—some of whom rely upon statistics to justify their opposition to the punishment of death, forgetting in their zeal that that mode is really only a fallacious method of ascribing an effect to one out of a large number of efficient causes.

And, finally, there is a class consisting of a retired judge of the High Court, a kindly personage who, after long years spent in the harmonious administration of the law, has taken to writing articles on the death penalty for an evening newspaper which has a deservedly large, if general, circulation in London. It would be difficult for one who has had professional experience of the writer's quality and good humour as a judge to subject to serious criticism the contents of these articles, notably the declaration that, in the writer's opinion, the punishment of death or any punishment of a delinquent member of the community is a good thing and desirable *in itself*—and luckily it is not necessary to encounter the difficulty, for the articles represent merely the scintillation of a playful fancy and are evidently not intended to be a guide to anyone whose idea of life goes farther than "carpet slippers and grog" after a day in the City. When it is said that in the most recent of these articles the writer laboured over three columns to establish an analogy between a convicted murderer waiting execution of a sentence of death and the decaying vegetation of his garden, it is thought that respectful justice has been done to the writer. And so it comes about that with a tributary smile I end these remarks about those who have confessed themselves to be at variance with the majority of our

community in their estimate of the essence and object of State punishment.

And now I will shortly summarize the result of the controversy so far as it has gone on the road of thought. It is apparent that in this country at least—and for the sake of brevity I do not deal here with other countries—the large majority of the people are agreed that the imposition of the ultimate sanction of the law is only justifiable when death is the sole and the indispensable deterrent of criminals of the particular class in question.

There is, however, a considerable difference of opinion among those who are bound together in that agreement as to whether, in the case of any specific offence, the punishment of death is the sole and indispensable deterrent. There are many who deny that it is a deterrent at all, and even more who contend that even if it be a deterrent it has not been proved that it is a sole or indispensable deterrent, and that, consequently, it should not be inflicted upon any offender against the law. The limits necessarily assigned to me do not enable me to examine the position in detail, and I think that the best thing for me to do in the circumstances is to explain first the dispositions of our legal system on the subject of the punishment of death, and then to discuss what is apparently the opinion of the majority in favour of the use of the punishment. And this will probably be sufficient, for, although the opponents of the punishment cannot prove that any one of their objections is valid, the onus of showing that it is justifiable is upon those who advocate its use. This will be taken as a reasonably sound proposition, for unless and until a case has been made, those against whom it is sought to make it cannot justly be called upon to answer it.

In England and Wales only four crimes are punishable with death by the ordinary criminal law. These are, however, additional to certain crimes which are made so punishable by certain statutes exclusively affecting His Majesty's Forces, and certain others which are referable to the emergencies of a national crisis, when either martial law, which means the supersession of the positive law by the will of the military commander, obtains, or special provisions in special statutes which provide for the punish-

ment of spies and others who have shown themselves to be disaffected towards their country are enforced. But these last exceptional crimes are concerned with a state of war, and not with the regulations which are designed to control the ordinary life of the community, and they need not be further discussed here. The four crimes are: high treason, wilful murder, piracy with violence, unlawfully setting fire to the arsenals, dockyards, or stores of His Majesty the King; but in practice the punishment of death is restricted to the crime of wilful murder, and by statute it is further restricted to the case of murderers who are not under sixteen years of age. It is as certain as anything can be certain in the domain of law that a violent pirate, or a person who set fire to a dockyard, etc., would not be punished with death, and nowadays treason in time of peace would be dealt with under the Treason Felony Act, which does not provide for capital punishment.

Treason in time of war would, of course, be dealt with capitally, e.g. the case of Casement in 1917, but such a case is not an exception to the foregoing statement of law, as it is punishable with death by a court martial, or by special war provision, and is only tried in the ordinary criminal courts of the country for convenience. This, then, being the law and its rules of application, let us inquire into the attitude of those who agree that capital punishment is justifiable when it is the sole and indispensable deterrent of criminals of a certain class.

It is unnecessary to make deep or long inquiry, for it is clear that the large majority of the community is in favour of the infliction of death on a man (and perhaps on a woman!) who has been convicted of deliberate, unprovoked and unlawful homicide. It will not tolerate its infliction upon an offender who is insane, for "deliberation" connotes sanity; and it will not allow it in the case of a murderer who, sane when he did the act, becomes insane before the time appointed for his execution. If—and this point will be dealt with later—the majority favours the extension of the punishment to women who have committed murder at all, it will except those women who have killed their children in circumstances which show that when they did the act they were, by poverty,

friendlessness, or betrayal deprived of ability to control their conduct. This seems to me to be the attitude of the majority on the subject of the punishment of death.

And now to consider, shortly, whether that attitude is proper; and the question is one of great difficulty.

The advocates of the punishment, in the case or cases specified, base their attitude upon instructed public opinion: if, they say, the bulk of the community approve, that is enough for them. They do not contend that they can prove strictly the position that the punishment is an indispensable punishment in the case of wilful murder, or at all; they do not advance the argument that probability is sometimes equivalent to proof; they do not seek to evade the alleged necessity for proof by the objection that all proof is necessarily based upon non-provable assumption. They do none of these things; they rely for their justification upon the fact that instructed opinion, as distinguished from capricious belief, deems the punishment indispensable in the case. If an opponent of capital punishment objects that a convict who has sawn asunder a woman, boiled her to a jelly, and has then taken her money to spend upon another woman, is the victim of an impulse that was generated in his subconscious mind during the period of his gestation—or otherwise—the advocates retort that unless the man is insane in law the community justly demands his death. It is a simple enough position, although the propriety of it involves a complicated question; for that question is whether public opinion, even if it be unanimous, can be rightly invested with the force of proof, and, if it cannot be so invested, can it be rightly taken as a rule of conduct where the life of a human being is concerned? Personally, I must once again risk liability to invective and uncomplimentary allusion and confess my inability to answer these questions.

I do not think that anyone could answer them with any satisfaction to anyone other than himself. Disputants could argue for an eternity without arriving at a conclusion that compelled the assent of reasonable people.

And so it is that I can give no more assistance to searchers after the truth than by acknowledging my own inclination in favour of the continuance of the punishment for the one crime of wilful murder as defined in this article.

This said and admission made, I must now retrace my steps and return to the question whether public opinion is in favour of the death penalty for women. Does instructed public opinion approve of the killing of women who have committed the crime for which men must die? In my book I wrote: "The only question in their case, as in the case of men, is whether or not that punishment is an indispensable deterrent in the case of murder: if it be so, it is justifiable as in the case of men, and general opinion does not distinguish between the case of woman and that of man"; and I do not recede from that position now, as applicable to the time when I stated it. But I am not at all sure that recent events have not influenced the public mind to differentiate between the murderer and the murderess in respect of the punishment for their crime.

The account of what happened at the execution of Mrs. Thompson shocked the community; and the revelations that the Press very wisely made about the last days in Wandsworth Prison of the atrocious Mahon have had a considerable effect on the popular imagination.

There can be no sympathy for such a creature as Mahon; but the picture of him sitting in his prison cell, guarded day and night by warders; distraught at first by the thought of the fate that had overtaken him; afterwards stunned into resignation—awaiting the strapping by the hangman—the walk to the gallows—the reading over him, a living man, of the burial service for the dead—the noose—the end! That picture is also the picture of the woman who is doomed to die for her crime. It may be that in the early part of last year I was right in interpreting public opinion as being in favour of the execution of women; but is that interpretation *now* correct.

The time is not long, I admit; but we are living in an age of intellectual change, when the revelations of a day may cause an upheaval of public thought. Gone is the time when the consistency of stupidity was held to be the steadfastness of wisdom.

In a few years the mental outlook of many women has undergone change. Some demand equality of treatment with men; they reject the idea of "mission in the home." But, after all, these are only a small section of the community.

There was a time when "carted whores" were flogged along the streets by the common hangman; when "scolds" were put into a ducking-stool and run into the slime of a pond; but that time is not now. Would even the most "advanced" woman seek to bring them back; would they even advocate the flogging of women under the Garotters' Act?

But, as I have said, the community does not consist only of "advanced" women; there are other women—and almost all men—who feel the urge of what is called sentiment, the truest spring of human action. Is their opinion as to the killing of women what it was? Does not the general and instructed opinion of the community incline to the position that the execution of a woman provokes so much sympathy with the criminal that the deterrent effect of the punishment is so largely lost as to make it negligible?

The problem of the exceptional treatment of women for violent crimes has to some large extent been solved in other countries, where a plea of sex more often than not prevails. Here, in England and Wales, are we nearing the same position—indeed, have we even attained it?

If, however, these suggestions are not well founded, and public opinion metes out to women the same measure of punishment for murder as to men, then the punishment is justifiable, if it is in any respect justifiable!

The Dramatist Turns Philosopher

By Horace Shipp

The Cherry Orchard, by Anton Tchehov. (Lyric, Hammersmith).
The Dance of Life, by Hermon Ould. (Kings, Hammersmith).
Pirandello Season. (New Oxford)

In face of the fact that ninety-nine out of every hundred so-called "serious" plays and all so-called "humorous" plays deal with sex as their themes, we tend to forget that the masterpieces of dramatic literature do not share this preoccupation. They do not exclude sex—that would be unreal in a world where it certainly plays an important rôle—but they tend to treat it as one factor in the complex make-up of humankind. It is interesting to notice, indeed, that it is when the drama is holding up the mirror to a decadent and effete period of history that this sex drama holds exclusive sway, and to observe how the best work of the best dramatists refuses to accept the postulate of sex as the be-all and end-all of human affairs.

Even Shakespeare, who is regarded superficially as the creator *par excellence* of the romantic love theme and the exploiter of the sex motive, proves, on closer examination, to have consecrated his greatest work to other themes. *Hamlet*, the study of a mind in conflict with itself; *Lear*, the tragedy of ingratitude; *Macbeth*, the problem of free-will and predestination; the histories, *Julius Cæsar*, all are plays wherein sex has a minor part; and in those where it forms a dominant, such as *Romeo and Juliet*, or *Anthony and Cleopatra*, one finds that the "cloudless, boundless, human view" took in many other factors to achieve its whole. If this be true of Shakespeare, it is equally true of the other great dramatists; of the Greeks, of Goethe, of Ibsen, and in our own time of Hauptmann, Galsworthy, Shaw, and of Tchehov and Pirandello.

The last month has given us an opportunity to appreciate again the quality of these two dramatists. By a paradoxical exercise of the censor's office the masterpiece of Pirandello, *Six Characters in Search of an Author*, is banned in English * (else the Birmingham Repertory

* Messrs. Dent, however, have published the Plays. (Three Plays by Pirandello, 10s. 6d., and Three Other Plays, 10s. 6d.)

Company would have given it to us years since), and only those who know Italian were permitted to risk its pollution. The Tchehov play supplanted the eighteenth-century series at the Hammersmith house, and showed us anew how supreme its creator was. The other play which I mention at the head of this article appears here not only that we would welcome the experiment in repertory, which Miss Madge McIntosh is making at the King's Theatre, but because Hermon Ould has fraternity with Tchehov in his choice of theme. Both plays show us groups of characters faced with the futility of life. Tchehov dealing obliquely with his problem, makes an almost unbearable tragedy of the lives of his characters, who, each in his or her own way, fails to grasp reality, and drifts on, always unhappy and always dissatisfied. Mr. Ould, frankly asking and answering the question: "Is Life worth living?" answers it with the assertion that it is if you have the courage to face the facts and live consciously in accord with your own individuality. Thus his people show the positive side of the Russian dramatist's negation. In all probability the two writers have expressed the fundamental difference between the Russian and the Anglo-Saxon temperament.

Watching *The Cherry Orchard* one understands the tragedy of Russia. The kindly, but effete, aristocrats, convinced that what always has been always will be, that no effort is demanded of them to keep things staple, that the beauty and luxury of their cherry orchard is irrevocably theirs. Meantime the forces and facts which they refuse to face gnaw at the roots of their existence, until the end, when their lives crash about them, and out of the very hopelessness is born a kind of faint hope. When one realizes that the play was written in 1903, Tchehov becomes prophet as well as playwright. Not that I imagine Tchehov to have been tremendously concerned with political or material events. His play happens to symbolize these, because these in their turn are symbols of the deep spiritual facts of life, the philosophic laws which govern our human doings. And not the least of these is: the ship which drifts is destroyed at last.

The production at Hammersmith was exquisite. Tchehov's dramatic method of building up his picture by a

thousand seeming irrelevant touches of significant realism, was perfectly conveyed. Mary Grey's acting of Madame Ranevsky was the finest piece of work we have seen from her. One will not easily forget that terrible laugh at Peter Trophimof's beard in the midst of her most passionate avowal of her troubles; it was the essence of Tchehov's method, the symbol within a symbol of how the trivial and meaningless could always sidetrack these people from any serious purpose. The humour of the play, too—and it has humour—was given its full value. Those who miss "The Cherry Orchard" will miss a masterpiece.

In production Mr. Ould was not so fortunate. He is working in a newer technique, which demands for its presentation rapidly changing scenes, something akin to an Elizabethan stage, where the drawing or opening of curtains could transplant us to the next scene immediately. For he carries his action along the plane of the real up to a certain crisis and then projects it symbolistically on a mental plane. The method depends enormously upon our being rapidly transported from the one to the other, and in the box sets available at Hammersmith this was impossible. It is, however, courageous and splendid of Miss McIntosh to give us a play of this experimental nature as the opening original work of her season. The work itself pays the English theatre-goer the compliment of assuming that he has an adult intelligence, and is interested in a philosophic problem. Once the transition from objective to subjective has been allowed for, it is not by any means a difficult piece; and we follow by simple stages the quest for a meaning to life by the young man, Beresford, who, by kissing the parlourmaid, brings a futile adolescence under the protection of his father's well-kept house to a close, and then sets forth on a six months' search as to why life is worth living. An escape from fire started by a drunken Nihilist, life as an East End labourer, prison, and eventually the embrace of the kissed parlourmaid who has been facing life in her own way, supply some answer, and it is in the affirmative. The play is gradually making its way into the repertory theatres, and one looks forward to its eventual production under really favourable circumstances.

Pirandello, our other dramatist who has concerned himself with philosophic themes, has yet to have production in our language on the London stage, although some of us regarded his production by the Stage Society as the finest thing done by that excellent body. He has managed to state in the terms of the theatre again and again those problems which occupy the philosophers—what is reality, what is personality, what is illusion, what is truth. He has taken us into the recesses of the human mind. In the guise of comedies full of humour, with delightfully comic situations, he postulates his conundrums of existence. Yet he is before all else a dramatist and theatre artist. Those six characters, whom their author has abandoned half formed, but with their background and history irrevocably fixed, demanding a place in the scheme of actuality, become an open door into the deep places of human thought. Thinking of them in conjunction with the people in Tchehov and with Beresford and Olga in Ould's play, one understands that these, too, are types of the modern human half-conscious animal; that all of us to-day, save those smug ones who have easily settled the problems of life, might be in search of our author. In passing, Pirandello succeeds in criticizing the institution of the theatre, the institutions of society generally, the easy faiths and surface appearances. He has brought a new vision to the stage, and there is little wonder that Italy has now accepted him as their greatest dramatist of this generation, forgiving his paradox and his elfish humour for the sake of the truth he brings them.

We would have more work from dramatists who believe we want to think in the theatre. These three plays, so widely diverse in type, open new doors in subject and in technique; and with the censor's permission and the support of the intelligent public, the English stage may hope for more.

Books

ESSAY AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

FAMOUS TRIALS RETOLD. By HORACE WYNDHAM. Hutchinson & Co. 12s. 6d.

MR. WYNDHAM prefaces his collection of something less than a score of *causes célèbres* by some remarks justifying the public appetite for "crime books," calling Judge Parry and de Quincey as witnesses for the defence. He also observes that they do these things better in France. We have no space to discuss such points here; but as regards the "Authors Note" feel constrained to say that the alphabetical arrangement of the matter strikes us as scarcely happy.

The "upper classes" are the destined victims of the selector, though several of the "cases" dealt with more strictly belong to the upper middle stratum of society. The period is the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, but the most recent "case" treated, that of Lieut. and Mrs. Cameron, who were sentenced at Edinburgh for an insurance fraud of which the lady alone was really guilty, took place as lately as 1911. Two others within the memory of most readers are the notorious Osborne jewel-slander trial and that of the Scottish schoolboy (son of an Under-Secretary of State), who was sent to prison for setting fire to the buildings at Glenalmond. The gallant Colonel Valentine Baker would probably not have been so severely dealt with for an act of momentary madness had he lived a generation later. On the other hand, it is unlikely that a Marquis who had been found guilty of so serious an offence as kidnapping seamen in the Royal Navy would have come off so lightly as did Lord Sligo, much less have subsequently been employed in the public service. The De Ros card scandal of 1816 recalls a later case within living memory; another of the same period, in which an aristocrat was involved, was that of the Hon. Augustus Stanhope, dismissed from the army for fleecing a young brother officer. The case of Lord Teynham, in which Wellington appeared as a witness, reminds one of recent disclosures bearing on the disposal of honours; but the exact degree of culpability of the peer in it is not here very clearly brought out. In fact, it may be asserted generally that the summaries of the trials in this book are rather too much on the brief side. Lord Cardigan figured in more than one "case"; Mr. Wyndham treats him somewhat too curtly, and leaves the impression that he was wanting not only in temper and discretion, but even in courage. (By the by, the Duke of Cleveland, according to a standard authority, was the one peer who gave a qualified verdict for him in the House of Lords.) He might also have made a more detailed study of the character of the Rev. John Selby Watson, a literary parson who murdered his wife in a fit of passion. If the extremely painful case of Lady Twiss and Alexander Chaffers had to be brought up again some attempt might have been made at an estimate of the real truth about it; on the face of it, it would seem that inability to endure, rather than conscious guilt, caused her sudden disappearance. The most

entertaining and thorough-going criminal in the collection is William Parsons (about whom we are given no dates), who expiated a course of crime on the scaffold at the early age of thirty-four. It is rather hard on Governor Eyre, whatever his faults of judgment, that he should be found in this *galère*. These sketches are touched off in a popular style, which will doubtless appeal to the general reader; but purists in style may shy at vulgarisms, such as "transpired" and "phenomenal."

THE ROMANCE OF MONTE CARLO. By CHARLES KINGSTON. Bodley Head. 15s. net.

THE reformer of Monte Carlo, says Mr. Kingston, would need to reform human nature; and though there be men who are not gamblers and who have never visited the "tables," we dare not deny his statement.

This book is welcome, however, because it does not depend upon any analysis of the gambler's mind, any discussion of "systems," or a narrative of bank-breakers and suicides. It is what it professes to be, the pleasant story of a romantic spot, full of history, of natural beauty, and of human nature, varied and starkly revealed. From one point of view, the last word in civilization, Monte Carlo often strips men and women of all their veneer, drives them to primitive savagery or despair, and overturns convention.

The inception by François Blanc, Paris waiter, and many not always foreseen developments, of the historic Casino, provide legitimate romance, outside melodrama. The "serpent in the garden" may be almost forgotten, as Mr. Kingston tells his tale, because he abjures scandal-mongering and writes with manly common sense. A delightful and interesting book.

FICTION.

THE MOTHER'S RECOMPENSE. By EDITH WHARTON. Appleton. 7s. 6d. net.

MRS. WHARTON'S apology for annexing Grace Aguilar's title reminds us that the social positions of sons-in-law is the crown of the virtuous mother, according to the school of Dr. Watts. What then is the portion of the sinner? A situation as old as Babylon, a complication which has haunted all the romantic tragedians all through the ages—the mother's lover loved by the daughter. It takes an Edith Wharton to use this theme anew, to weave it into the social elaborations of modern New York, to squeeze the last drop of bitter-sweet terror, pathos, and excitement out of it, and to leave us liking the unhappy heroine better than ever, when, at last, she dares that "desolation" of Shelley's, which is "a delicate thing"—the chosen motto of this story. With "Kate Clephane" we enjoy all the glory of redemption into her scandalized circle, all the exquisite, tremulous happiness of finding the deserted babe, a sweet and loving daughter bent upon the prodigal mother's happiness. We see through her eyes one of those wonderful, wealthy, conservative family groups which reassure us as to racial origin of American society. We see awakening dread of the incredible, stark terror, passionate opposition, and the creeping paralysis of surrender to the impossible.

A "recompense" padded with luxury, bound up with observance, and told with that level modulation of perfection to which Mrs. Wharton has accustomed us—a vehicle of art which turns horror to delight; making this "recompense" of Kate Clephane an alluring picture of solid American society, going its accustomed way, with a silent, vibrant tragedy marked in politeness at its heart. A fine and finished picture of a tortured soul, unbroken.

MRS. DALLOWAY. By VIRGINIA WOOLF. The Hogarth Press. 7s. 6d. net.

MRS. WOOLF'S "Common Reader," which appears almost simultaneously with this novel, exhibits her as an essayist of great authority, a traditional stylist and a wit of no mean order, but in "Mrs. Dalloway" we are given a complete exposition of the newest of new methods of story-telling. As in the courts of Heaven, one day in Mrs. Dalloway's life is better than a thousand—it fills a book. Everything that the cinema cannot give—and a good deal that it can—is here set forth; all the current of her swiftly flowing thoughts and impressions, infinitely more significant when realized in the form of printed words than they can ever be when only vibrating silently in the wireless of the nervous system—but how difficult to recapture and to pin down in type, and how fascinating or repellent according to the number and quality of one's valves. Artistically—as the critics say—it is hardly fair to include the psychological processes of others, external to Mrs. Dalloway. This is to become omniscient in a sense, new even to the novelist, but Mrs. Woolf does not hesitate at this daring step, puzzling at first to the reader, but soon accepted as a new and precious excitement. Every passer-by becomes transparent, and a shell-shock case tempts the recording angel into an excursus quite unconnected with Mrs. Dalloway. But the unities no longer need preserving; let us know, comprehend, be filled with emotions, wander at will, diverse, diffuse, so long as we get the thrill dispassionate, the silent drama of the individual soul. How the standard novelist will foam at the mouth over this aerien pageantry; but we are such stuff as dreams are made on, and the dreaming of these exquisite dreams has come to stay.

MADONNA AND THE STUDENT. By ISABEL NEILSON. Jonathan Cape. 7s. 6d. net.

A BROAD-MINDED, modern girl of 29 or so, reacts to the eroticism and artistry of post-war Munich, that a moral conception of life more becoming in the gifted and flexible children of Bayern than in its distorted "blond-beast" form which made the Prussian so abominably grotesque. The beautiful, exchange-wealthy, Englishwoman loves the grace and freedom of artistic living, and finds it easy to repel the sex-love theme always played for her dancing. The astonished men of Munich christen her "Madonna Vampire," and accept the situation, but there is a bronze-haired young athlete, a truer son of Nature, who does everything but forcibly abduct this inaccessible object of his fierce desire, and him she schools, not by the coldness of her virtue, but by her Athenian wisdom and comradely disdain—a brilliant picture of

starved and craving vitalism, still exuberant, and a truly admirable exposition of a woman, modern to her finger-nails, even futuristic, but sane and wholesome. One suspects Miss Neilson of more than a tinge of autobiography in this vivid story, as well as of the exceptionally clever cubist, or, rather, cuneiform, pictorial chapter-headings and jacket.

DAY OF ATONEMENT. By LOUIS GOLDING. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.

IN the pages of this book Mr. Golding has again staged a magnificent drama of Jewish life, and of the clash of Judaistic thought with that of Christendom. In Sicily, in Russia of fanatical faith and violent anti-Semitism, in a Northern English town where behind the drabness of industrial life the two faiths come to death-grips first in the soul of the young carpenter-rabbi, and then between him and his wife this conflict works itself out. If Mr. Golding's method is that of sketching-in mental reactions to events rather than narrating events themselves, he proves in the big scene where Eli preaches Christ to the Jews in their own synagogue on the sacred day of atonement that he is not restricted by that method. The bigness and intensity of the theme justifies the kind of white heat which brings the prose so perilously near to poetry; it is only here and there when Mr. Golding permits himself to glance aside from his main idea that we are worried by his exuberance, and wish he had taken the opportunity to give us rest spaces in his design. We hope he will continue to exploit this rich vein which produces such excellent results.

GROBO. By E. H. W. MEYERSTEIN. Cecil Palmer. 7s. 6d. net.

MR. MEYERSTEIN'S novel is almost a modern Gil Blas, with war-time Oxford in place of Salamanca. To heighten the impression, Grobo, the central figure, is a Spanish boy from Alicante, adopted by purchase by an Englishman, Sir William Lockjaw, and subsequently made inheritor to another Englishman, General Gammerlommer, who is living under a cloud in Spain. Grobo's many journeyings and encounters give rise to a great deal of the philosophy of life, whilst his contacts with scrimshankers and pacifists in Oxford lead to many diverting actions and discussions. The story is, in a sense, dominated by a semi-supernatural Spanish brigand, not unlike Shaw's Mendoza, with a Pan-like rather than Satanic alias; but the main fact about the story is that it is in a literary and philosophic sense, of the classic tradition, mingling wisdom and diversion, adventure and moralizing, stringing beads of irrelevant vignettes upon a thread of narrative, fragile and hazardous, with no real solution of continuity—a new-old sort of book which the reader, with a big R, will enjoy.

POLITICS.

THE CALL FOR PROTECTION. By G. GRAHAM ANDERSON. P. S. King and Son, Ltd. 1s. 6d. net.

THE value attaching to such publications as this little book in moulding the opinion of the representatives of the people in Parliament has received definite emphasis from the debate in the House of Commons

on June 12. On that occasion the Imperial Preference clauses of the Budget were under discussion, and the doctrine so lucidly advanced by Mr. Graham Anderson received support from the most unexpected quarters. It is a most encouraging indication that the seed sown has not altogether fallen on barren ground. The author has fortified his arguments by quotations from the public pronouncements of all shades of political opinion and all schools of economic thought. He has been singularly successful in showing that so-called "Free Trade" is a political creed rather than an economic doctrine, and to convince the electorate of the fallacy of this creed is nine-tenths of the task that Mr. Graham Anderson has set himself. Based on "Mass Production" he has had no difficulty in metaphorically building a fabric capable of faithfully serving the interests of both Producer and Consumer; in this he has rendered his task the easier by providing himself with economic ammunition, supplied to him by leading manufacturers of all classes of goods, from steel rails to cotton thread. The doctrine of an empire self-supporting in all essentials is involved, and he does not shut his eyes, either to the desirability or the feasibility of embracing foodstuffs in his programme.

Hitherto the difficulties of their inclusion have proved obstinate, but it will not be possible much longer to defer an answer to the question "How long will it be economically and strategically safe for Great Britain to ignore the problem of her food supplies?"

So long as she can afford, or imagines that she can afford, to pay a higher price for such supplies than any other country in the world, she need not fear starvation, provided that she is assured of conditions of peace. Fluctuations in production are bound to occur according to weather and other conditions prevailing in different latitudes, but there is a constant tendency for Nature to compensate dearth in one place by plenty in another. The harvests of 1923 and 1924 provide a typical example of such compensation, and this country, so long as she possesses the means, can draw her food supplies from any alternative source; but we should be living in a fool's paradise were we to refuse to read the writing on the wall—that the world's demands for sustenance tend to overtake its supplies; that the only enduring method of keeping prices down is to increase supplies, and that the only safe way for Great Britain is to promote such increase under the Union Jack.

Mr. Graham Anderson supplies from the lips of Mr. Alfred Deakin the essential complement to the dictum he quotes of Mr. Daniel Webster: "Where there is work for the *hands* of men, there will be work for their *teeth*."

V. A. M.

DRUIDISM.

DRUIDISM: THE ANCIENT FAITH OF BRITAIN. By DUDLEY WRIGHT. Ed. J. Burrow & Co., Ltd. 25s. net.

THE general reader must not be repelled, nor the scientific student unduly attracted, by the title of Mr. Wright's handsome volume. It is not, and does not profess to be, the result of prolonged study of Druidism by (say) an authority on comparative religion; it puts forward no new theories, nor does it provide any fresh material on which such speculations

might be founded. It is an *omnium gatherum* of "facts" concerning the Druids, a collection of statements which Mr. Wright has industriously gleaned from a wide diversity of authors, and which he has grouped under appropriate headings—the origin of Druidism, its creed, ceremonies, hierarchy, temples, affinity with other religions, etc. Mr. Wright makes no attempt to appraise the different values to be attached to the writers from whom he quotes. All "authorities" are the same to him—though he is a little hard on Cæsar—and he generally refuses to range himself on one side or the other. Nor would he claim, presumably, that he had exhausted the available sources of information; though there are more than four pages of bibliography, the names of Reynaud, Barth, and Thierry (to mention a few at random) are not to be found.

All this, when it is premised, is not to say that the book is without value; the result is rather to enhance its popular interest. Take, for example, the little detail of "logan stones." Mr. Wright tells where "logan stones" are to be found, and states their various measurements; he offers a choice of derivations of the word "logan," and gives the other names by which rocking stones are, or have been, known; he mentions the "conjecture" that such stones were used by the Druids to determine innocence or guilt, and supports it by a quotation from Mason's "Caractacus"; and he tells the moral tale of rash Lieut. Goldsmith, R.N., who caused his men to overthrow the 65-ton logan rock near St. Buryan and who was ordered by the Admiralty to replace it in its former position—"a task . . . which crippled the lieutenant's limited resources to the day of his death." The book is, in short, one to be dipped into as a mine of curious, often fantastic, often irrelevant, lore in regard to a religion which must always possess attraction as "the ancient faith of Britain," yet which, as Mr. Wright admits, has "unhappily left behind it no literature, no art . . . no clue to the social habits of the people." *Omne ignotum pro magnifico;* and in the case of the Druids, lack of exact knowledge has led to picturesque exaggeration and enthusiasm. "The religion . . . appears to have been established among the Germans, Danes, Swedes, Norsemen, Muscovites, Russians, Pomeranians, Laplanders, Scythians, Goths, Thracians, Lithuanians, Poles, Hungarians, and Samogethians"; "the Druidical philosophy and religion . . . were certainly equal, if not superior, to any of the philosophies and religions current in other parts of the world in their day and time"; and Dr. Stukeley even went so far as to assert that Druidism and Christianity were identical. Defects—such as the practice of human sacrifices—have to be admitted; but only on Lowell's principle that one must not treat as a blemish of the man what is only the tincture of the age. When all is said, the fact remains that very, very little is known of the Druids with certainty. The erection of Stonehenge, for instance, has at one time or another been credited "to every prominent historical and mythical personage from the Devil onwards"; and the customs and observances of the Druids are equally wrapped in mystery. Even their conception of immortality, on which certain writers have laid so much stress, is far from clear; and it would be idle to speculate how far they put into cold practice their belief that money lent in this world would be surely and faithfully repaid in the next.

BOOKS

BIOGRAPHY.

ANATOLE FRANCE HIMSELF. By JEAN JACQUES BROUSSON. Thornton Butterworth. 10s. 6d. net.

Now that the master is dead and respectful reticences no longer compulsory—whilst we await the full story of his life—M. Brousson's "Boswellian Record" gives us much deeper relief than either Paul Gsell or Lewis May were able to do in their excellent books published in the great man's life-time. Anatole France was still in his wonderful sixties when M. Brousson became his secretary, a post of intimacy, which he occupied for eight years, during which period he stored away table talk, discourse and confidence for posterity—a fact of which his patron was well aware. He shows us the greatest writer of his time as a conscious poseur at his famous Wednesdays; a too human green gallant at all times, a sly and mischievous ironist, a sceptic, and a bit of a humbug, but always a delightful companion and somehow more lovable as Apollo-Pan than just benignant Phœbus. This feat of presentation gives us something of M. Brousson's quality—he has dared a good deal, dared even to show something like polite contempt at times, or, at any rate, a tiny smile of superiority (one needs the French to be absolutely there) and yet he so singularly appreciates the tenderness of his egoist, the grace of his Satyr, is keen to relish the inveterate individuality, the stylism, the dignity, resourceful scholarship of all his moods, his aptitude for greatness, as well as his greatness itself, that we find our enlarged picture of Anatole France not less, but more considerable than more extenuated portrait. The book is capitally done from the preface by the translator, Mr. John Pollock, and the well-chosen frontispiece portrait, to the last of its interesting records and will delight Anatolians of England as it has already delighted those in his motherland; but we still want more.

POETRY.

SONNETS AND VERSES. By ENID CLAY. Golden Cockerell Press. 15s.

THE quality of Enid Clay's work will be familiar to readers of THE ENGLISH REVIEW. She brings to her subjects a modern mind keenly aware of the significance underlying appearances, and with this a power of expression which may be safely relied upon to convey her pictures and ideas. At the present stage of her work the matter is more arresting than the manner—one remembers her subjects rather than her lines or phrases. In a poem "Casino," for example, dealing with pigeon-shooting on the Riviera; in "Eros in Piccadilly"; in "Magdalen in Judgment"; and in the poems after love which are the twentieth-century equivalent to the love poetry of earlier periods, we find the mirror held to our times and ways of thoughts. Yet it is in the Nature poems that the language rises to the inevitable word, until we suspect that the heart worn elsewhere on the sleeve is chiefly decorative, whilst the real thing beats responsive to buttercups and beauty, as in the fine Dartmoor poem.

The volume is delightfully printed and produced with wood-engravings by Eric Gill.

The Lure of South African Travel

Coastal South Africa is one of the most fascinating portions of the Empire, notable for superb climate and beauty.

In Durban or the Cape Peninsula, for instance, the visitor is quickly rewarded for the long voyage, so vivid and picturesque is the scene, so generous the sun. The soft breath of the South, the warmth and brilliance will be a grateful change after the chill and greyness of the northern hemisphere. And one's first evening, on the balcony of some fashionable hotel, will probably be like a dream come true—jewelled and lustrous with African stars, hauntingly perfumed by sub-tropic flowers and trees.

Thus the glamour of South Africa will be felt from the outset, and will increase the more the country is traversed. And on returning to Britain the visitor will have great store of cherished memories, and the frequent longing to be back in Africa.

A book of three hundred pages on the subject is being distributed free. Obtainable from the Publicity Agent, Office of the High Commissioner for the Union of South Africa, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2.

Write for Travel Book "S.X."

Kenya Problems

By Brig.-General C. P. Fendall.

(Page 158)

Empire Notes

Dominion Ambassadors

It would seem that the Canadian Government has definitely decided to appoint an Ambassador at Washington very shortly, thereby definitely committing Canada to a step that has been under consideration since the end of the war. The relations between Canada and the United States have no parallel in any other part of the Empire, and there is at present no steam behind the desire for separate diplomatic representation in any of the other Dominions. Yet the precedent that is about to be set may well have momentous consequences, and even persons who sympathise fully with the national aspirations of the oversea States of the Empire cannot banish all doubt as to the wisdom of the course that is being followed by the premier Dominion. Some think, and we are inclined to agree with them, that a preferable policy would have been to

establish an unwritten law to the effect that the British Ambassador at Washington should often be a Canadian, in view of the exceptional closeness of the intercourse between the United States and the Dominion. There might be difficulties and drawbacks in the way, but this proposal would at any rate avoid raising awkward Constitutional issues. The general failure to realize the necessity for devising appropriate machinery for associating the Dominions with the Mother Country in questions of foreign policy has doubtless done much to influence Canada, or at least the Canadian Government, in deciding upon separate representation. In the sphere of Imperial affairs the recently-announced separation of the Colonial Office into two secretariats, one for Dominion affairs, and one for the Colonies and Protectorates, each with its Under-Secretary and Parliamentary Secretary is an overdue recognition of the altered status of the Dominions. The present Secretary of State, Mr. Amery, will double the two offices, at any rate for the time being.

Labour Gains in Australia

THE swing to the left manifested at all recent elections for Australian State Parliaments is still in evidence. In both New South Wales and Tasmania the general elections held a few weeks ago have resulted in the return of small Labour majorities, and five of the States of the Commonwealth are now ruled by Labour. It does not necessarily follow that the next Australian federal general election will restore the Labour Party to power in the Commonwealth Parliament, but it seems clear that discontent with the state of things as they are, combined with dissensions between the Nationalists and the Country Party, has produced an atmosphere which is not too healthy for the present federal administration, and a Labour victory at the coming general election would not be surprising. It would be interesting to know whether the recently-signed Empire Settlement Agreement between the Imperial and Commonwealth Governments played a part in the defeat of the New South Wales Nationalist Government, as it is certain that there is very widespread hostility on the part of Australian labour to any extension of immigration.

EMPIRE NOTES

Settlement in Southern Rhodesia

THE Southern Rhodesia Minister of Agriculture, Mr. J. W. Downie, has outlined the policy of the Colonial Government in regard to land settlement in the Legislative Assembly. A sum of £100,000 is to be set aside for this purpose, and he announced that a draft agreement had been reached with the Overseas Settlement Committee, and approved by the Colonial Office and the Treasury, under which the Imperial Government would advance £30,000 per annum for three years, provided that equal amounts were advanced by the Southern Rhodesian Government for the promotion of a land settlement scheme intended to apply to settlers with a minimum capital of £500, and a maximum of £1,500. The Southern Rhodesian Government wishes to broaden the base of the class from which settlers are drawn, and so secure people who are accustomed to hard work. A scheme of training with farmers already established in the country is being elaborated, and advances will be made both for the improvement of farms and, in approved cases, for assisted passages. Mr. Downie warned companies and individuals who are holding up land—from ten to eleven million acres within fifty miles of railways are said to be held by forty-eight companies—that the Government was in favour of the taxation of unoccupied land, and would introduce a Bill shortly requiring all landowners to provide information to enable it to come to a decision as to what was beneficial occupation and as to what future action should be taken to prevent the locking up of land suitable for settlement. He also stated that there are six million acres of Government land within twenty-five miles of a railway, and eight million acres within twenty-five to thirty miles. The Government is investigating the possibilities of this land for settlement purposes, but to settle the more distant areas successfully it will be necessary to provide better communications.

A South African Spa Famed for Wild Flowers

A VISITOR to South Africa may be surprised to learn that this country, which is favoured with a wealth of sunshine, has spas where there are radio-active springs. One of these, perhaps the best known, is Caledon in the S.W. Cape, about 87 miles from Cape-

town—a delightful run by car, or a somewhat longer journey by rail. This spa is also famed for its flowering heaths and other wild flowers, many of which are now *protected*, and the plucking of which is punishable by law. This was found necessary by reason of the havoc caused to the roots by itinerant flower-sellers who came to the district in large numbers to gather wild flowers for sale in Capetown market, and who thus threatened with extinction some of the most beautiful of the wild flora of the district.

The Wild Flower Show at Caledon, usually held about the end of August or commencement of September, attracts a great number of visitors to the town, when the wonderful wild orchids, the proteas, the heaths, and the dainty bluebells and other flowers for which it is famous, are on exhibition, the show being held in the park.

It is a quaint little town, with little in common with the average South African dorp. In fact, it reminds one of some English village which had not emerged from its old-world air of unhurried quietude. Fine old trees line the streets, and most of the plots fronting the houses are usually gay with flowers, betokening the pride with which the residents tend their gardens. The scenery is not of the magnificent order as in other parts of the Cape, but is, none the less, charming, with views of the distant Zwartberg mountains.

If the journey from Capetown has been made by road, the traveller will not easily forget the view as the car climbs the Sir Lowry's Pass, with the bay beneath, which is absolutely superb. And if he has been lucky enough to be there at sunrise or at sunset the scene will be one which will live long in his memory after he has left South Africa.

The radio-active springs are about a quarter of a mile from the town on rising ground, and here the sanatorium has been built, which is in reality an up-to-date hotel, with facilities for various kinds of baths and medical treatments under the supervision of a doctor. The spring itself is left much as it was hundreds of years ago, and there is no fee for drinking its waters. All one has to do is to climb the little winding path from the sanatorium between rocks covered with most luxurious vegetation, keeping a wary eye (in hot weather)

for the inquisitive snake which may elect at that moment to wander across the path. The water itself is pleasantly warm and not at all disagreeable to the palate. It is certainly most beneficial for various complaints, including rheumatism and malaria, and as visitors to the sanatorium drink it all the time they are in residence, whether it be in tea or coffee, or as "water," one is unconsciously benefiting by its radio-activity. It is said that the natives hundreds of years ago knew of these springs and of their wonderful health-giving properties long before the advent of the white man with his disturbing influence.

En route to Caledon the motorist can branch off by Bot River (if he be a fishing enthusiast) to Hermanus, and enjoy some excellent sport, as this little fishing village is a favourite resort for devotees of the rod. Or it can be reached by car from Caledon by a road—at places, rather like a switchback—through some of the most delightful scenery in that part of the Cape Province. It should be added that there are excellent hotels at Hermanus which are run on the latest European lines.

THE
STANDARD BANK
OF SOUTH AFRICA, LIMITED

Bankers to the Government of the Union of South Africa; to the Imperial Government in South Africa; and to the Governments of Northern and Southern Rhodesia, Nyasaland Protectorate, and Tanganyika Territory.

Authorized Capital - - £10,000,000
Subscribed Capital - £8,916,660 | Reserve Fund - - £2,893,335
Paid-up Capital - £2,229,165 | Uncalled Capital - £6,687,495

Head Office: 10 CLEMENTS LANE, LOMBARD STREET, LONDON, E.C.4
And 77 KING WILLIAM STREET, E.C.4
London Wall Branch: 63 London Wall, E.C.2
West End Branch: 9 Northumberland Avenue, W.C.2 (opposite the Royal Colonial Institute).
New York Agency: 67 Wall Street.
Hamburg Agency: Bank of British West Africa, Ltd., 49-53 Schauenburger Strasse.
Over 300 Branches, Sub-Branches and Agencies in South and East Africa.

BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

EXECUTORSHIPS AND TRUSTEESHIPS UNDERTAKEN.

INCOME TAX.—Claims for recovery of Income Tax undertaken.

EVERY FACILITY AFFORDED FOR THE DEVELOPMENT OF TRADE WITH ALL PARTS OF SOUTH AND EAST AFRICA, THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, AND THE CONTINENT OF EUROPE.

DOCUMENTARY CREDITS ARRANGED. INQUIRIES INVITED.

The Standard Bank Monthly Review is sent post free on application. It gives the latest information on all South and East African matters of Trade and Commercial Interest.

BERTRAM LOWNDES, London Manager.

Kenya Problems

By Brig.-General C. P. Fendall

KENYA, until quite lately the youngest member of the Empire family, has had an eventful childhood. Its internal politics, its part in the war, the Indian agitation, have served in turn to keep it before the eyes of the world.

Owing in a great degree to its physical conformation, Kenya occupies a position of its own among tropical African countries. A large proportion of the land lies more than four thousand feet above the level of the sea; at such an elevation, even within a degree of the Equator, the climate is possible, and the heat not too great, for Europeans to live in comfort. It must not be forgotten, however, that the tropical sun has some peculiar power which affects white people. In the highlands of Kenya Europeans can live for some years without being seriously affected in health, but the number of years such immunity lasts varies with individuals. In nearly all cases a time eventually comes when a change to a non-tropical country becomes necessary, generally due more to nervous deterioration than to actual physical ills. Naturally the sort of life the individual white man leads has a good deal to do with the time he can remain under a tropical sun without suffering in nervous or bodily health. The question whether the highlands of Kenya are really suited for permanent settlement by white people cannot yet be answered definitely. Children of the first generation seem to thrive well, but it is still too early to say whether subsequent generations will be up to standard or not.

Development of savage tropical Africa has been carried out in two ways—by the establishment of trading posts on the coast at which Europeans receive from the natives the natural products of the lands and forests, vegetable or mineral, in exchange for money or goods, with a view to exporting such products more or less in their natural state; or by actual settlement, when the European obtains grants of land and raises crops suitable to the soil and climate with the help of native labour. In either case the success of the enterprise depends in the first place on the

ability of the European to obtain from the native something which he can dispose of, either produce or labour.

The development of Kenya has been very rapid. Some thirty-five years ago the country was unexplored, and it took over three months to get from Mombasa on the coast to Lake Victoria Nyanza. This journey now takes about thirty-six hours, thanks to the Uganda railway—so-called, because it was built not so much with the idea of developing the country, now Kenya Colony, through which it passes, as to join Uganda, the star country of missionary enterprise, with civilization.

The original English settlers, many of them men of position and means who had come to the country to hunt big game and were attracted by its possibilities, were given, or bought at nominal prices, tracts of land by the East African Company or the Government which succeeded the company. They found that large parts of the country were suitable for growing coffee, as had been proved by the fathers of the French Mission. Sisal was another crop that showed good results; some of the pioneers in the sisal industry, which was started near the coast (it being supposed that the plant would only flourish in the coastal belt), found that it did as well or better in the higher lands. They found also that large tracts of country were suitable for the raising of cattle, horses, sheep, and pigs, if certain precautions were taken. Later it was found that many other crops could be grown with prospects of success. Much money was put into the country by these early settlers, who were truly pioneers, as no one knew the real possibilities of the territory. Not every enterprise was a success, and large sums were sunk in ventures which failed. Valuable animals of all sorts, imported with the object of improving the stock in the country, died of disease before means were found of protecting them. Undeterred by failures which might well have made these men abandon hope, they stuck to their enterprise. They claimed that they were the men who were really developing the country, as they were, and that they were entitled to look to the Government officials to assist them to the best of their ability to get the labour they wanted. They claimed that the highlands were suitable for colonization by white men, that the opening of the

country was due to the enterprise and money of white men, that the country ought to continue to be developed as a white man's country. Further, they claimed that, having a stake in the country, they ought to have a real part in the government of the country; that if they were to be taxed, they were entitled, as Englishmen, to effective representation in that government. It was these claims that brought the settlers into conflict with the Protectorate Government, the Colonial Office, and the Indian political agitators.

Before the advent of the white settler the official had been lord of his district; there was no one to question his commands, his word was law. The white settler declined to subscribe to the official's view of his position; he wanted labour, he wanted help in many ways, and he expected the official to give him what he wanted. The officials did not like the even tenour of their days being upset in this way; some did see in the coming of the white settler the development of the country and did their best to help, others looked upon his arrival as an unmitigated nuisance and did not conceal their feelings from the settler. There was no need to cavil at the official view that it was the duty of Government officials to see that the natives in their districts were properly treated by the settlers, and that orders were issued dealing with the relations between settlers and their labour; but the settlers did consider that the powers given to the officials to interfere were such as to enable the latter to hamper them unduly, and that the officials, who had no liking for the settler, were used to exercising their powers in an arbitrary and unfair manner. That there were some bad settlers who required the utmost vigilance of the officials, no one tried to deny, but the majority were English gentlemen, whose natural instinct was to treat their labour well, the more so as they realized that generous treatment meant that they could get labour with less difficulty. The settlers considered that the orders were applied by some officials without discrimination, and that in cases of disputes the scales were weighted against the white man whoever he might be. The result was that before the war there was open hostility between official and settler, which interfered even with social relations between them. The settlers,

led by men of standing and influence, set themselves, as far as in them lay, to make the position of the officials impossible. There can be no question that in some instances they behaved outrageously. The war improved matters very much; it brought officials and settlers together, political differences had to be put on one side, and each party in the State came to see that there was much good in the other.

The Indian question caused difficulties after the war, the settlers showing active opposition to a policy suggested from outside rather than by local officialdom.

The influx of Indians to Kenya was largely due to the building of the Uganda railway by Indian imported labour and its subsequent working by the same. The Indian labourers, when their contract with the railway administration came to an end, elected to remain in the country in large numbers. Many set up as petty traders, imported their families and settled all over the country. Some had come over as part of the labour organization to cater for the wants of the actual labourers, others as unskilled labourers. Skilled artisans found that there was a great demand for their labour and that they could make about five times what they could in India. There were also clerks employed not only on the railway but in other offices; these latter were easily made tools of by the seditious political leaders in India. The demand that all Indians in Kenya should be given equal political rights with the white man was merely a move on the part of political Indian agitators to embarrass the British Government and was totally unjustifiable. The great majority of those for whom the claim was made were no more fitted for enfranchisement than the Africans amongst whom they were settled. Resistance on the part of the white settler to the Indian claims which would have meant, if acceded to, Indian political dominance was fully justified. Whether the threats used to back up the legitimate objection were equally justified is another matter. The claim that the African would never submit to Indian domination was also undeniable. The African looks down on the Indian and has a right to do so. The Indian he knows is a man of no account, a low caste man not of a fighting class, a petty trader who overcharges for every-

thing he can. The African of Kenya is of fighting blood, and showed his worth in the King's African Rifles, during the war and before. The Indians who settled in Kenya did no service during the war; they were mostly menials; they would, indeed, have been no use as soldiers, but that did not raise them in the eyes of the African. No doubt the political agitators in India will continue to make a grievance of the Kenya question, but the fear of a Home Government being driven to give way to their demands must now be remote.

The real question in Kenya is labour. Given a sufficient supply of labour to carry on the enterprises of the white settlers without interfering with the life of the native tribes, and the commercial success of the colony is assured. Kenya can produce many things for which the world will always have a use.

What really seems to have happened is that settlement in Kenya has been so much encouraged since the war that the land in occupation of white settlers requires more labour than the country can provide. The Government has got itself into a mess; the post-war settlers were encouraged to go out by the Government, one of the inducements being that there was an ample supply of labour available for the development and working of the estates which were offered to prospective settlers. This inducement seems likely to prove illusory. Possibly, in course of time, the native may become eager to earn money to increase the comforts of his life and so come to think it worth while working. At present a very few days' work will give him enough money to pay his taxes, and for the rest of the year he is content to live on his reserve while his wives cultivate the ground. He gets all he needs in this way.

The future of Kenya lies in the lap of the gods. Is it a country in which a white race can live and bring up vigorous descendants? Will it be possible for the present large number of white settlers on the land to get sufficient labour to make a living out of their settlements?

A residence of over three years in East Africa, during which I had ample opportunities of hearing all sides and of associating with many of the older settlers and officials, has not enabled me to venture a definite opinion.